It's You

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It's You

by Narryfavoritejiall

Summary

If someone would have told Peter that he'd be hooking up with his boss on his first job ever, he would've laughed in their face and slap his own leg.

But, oh shoot, it's happening.

Or. The dramatic office/boss fucks secretary AU nobody asked for.

Chapter 1

Chapter	Notes
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See the end of the chapter for <u>notes</u>

"Not even makeup can cover that."

Peter flinched at the sudden interruption and it made him almost drop his cellphone. He looked away from the mirror camera and gave Liz a theatrical angry expression.

"I told you to stop sneaking on me like that," He huffed and turned back to look at himself, he continued rubbing gently the small bruise forming on the side of his neck while pulling at the collar of his dress shirt upwards, trying to aimlessly hide *evidence*.

Liz smiled and sat down on the edge of Peter's desk, she crossed her legs elegantly, "What did I tell you about saying no to marks, Pete? We need to be *professional* –Remember?"

Peter rolled his eyes at her mocking tone (he does remember saying exactly *that* when he caught Liz flirting with a maintenance guy) and shrugged, "In my defense, I did say no."

His friend clicked her tongue, "Yeah, right. As if. You probably begged for it-"

"Shh!" He hushed Liz hysterically when he saw a cleaning lady walking by with a frown on her face because she most likely heard, "Shut up, stupid!"

She laughed and stood up to walk to her desk, "Thanks for the morning visuals, though –now, I totally won't be picturing our boss doing you," She said sarcastically, but keeping her voice low enough to not be heard around the mainly empty office.

"Piss off," He said with no sting to it, a small smile stretched his lips. Liz accidentally found out about Peter's little affair and secret two months ago, but thankfully she's a good friend and she's reliable, she's the only one who knows, and they're more than comfortable joking about the situation now.

(Quentin doesn't know someone knows about them. But, frankly, Peter doesn't think he cares too much. They're discreet and secret, yes. That's what's fun. Besides, Quentin is the owner and boss,

nobody can tell him shit).

Peter picked up the scarf that was on his lap to wrap it loosely around his neck. Quentin bought him that unnecessary scarf two weeks ago when they were walking around Sojo and Quentin encouraged Peter to enter the Burberry store when Peter stood outside the window staring at the nice tailored pants and impeccable shoes —Quentin bought him the scarf because he threatened Peter that he wouldn't leave the store until he chose something. *Whatever*. Peter being nice, shy and polite Peter; chose one of the least expensive items which were the scarf with the classic Burberry design.

Peter thanked the man later with letting him tie Peter's wrist together with that same scarf as Quentin fucked him in that hotel bed.

"Sexy boss is here, I repeat sexy boss is here," His friend said quietly, not looking away from the paper sheets he was organizing.

He looked up rather too quickly and immediately caught the sight of *oh*, *Quentin freaking Beck* walking down the wide hallway. He's wearing a black coat and a black turtle neck (the same one Peter so fucking loves) and he's waving at the employees with a big, welcoming grin.

Peter bit his bottom lip to prevent the embarrassed, excited smile, he looked at his computer instead; he wouldn't want to appear too eager, even if he *totally* is.

He heard footsteps and from the corner of his eyes, he saw the familiar figure passing by. He anticipated the familiar greeting and his heartbeat a little faster stupidly. Just like it did when he was crushing on his boss the first few weeks of working here and being noticed by Quentin was one of Peter's most important achievements of the day.

"Mr. Parker, Mr. Allan. Good morning," The man said easily, heading to his office which was in front of Peter's and Liz's desk that sort of work as the reception, but Liz was Quentin's assistant and Peter serves as the secretary. A title he is made fun of often and it often makes him feel bad too, but then he forgets about it when he has Beck.

"Good morning, Mr. Beck," They both said simultaneously, using the same bright tone.

"Ah, it's Quentin. How many times have I told you both?" The man stopped at his door and pointed at them. He did notice the way the blue eyes eyed Peter discreetly. Only for Peter to

Ha. That's funny. At least that's not what Quentin prefers to be called in bed. Peter blushed.
"Sorry," Liz smiled politely, "Old habits are hard to kill. <i>Quentin</i> , I shall remind you of your meeting with Harry Osborne at ten o'clock."
"Thank you, hunny. I'll be there. Be so sweet and bring me my usual order from Starbucks?"
Peter rolled his eyes at the nickname and he knew Quentin saw that. That's why he rolled his eyes.
"Sure thing, boss. In a minute," Liz was already picking up her purse and phone.
"Peter," Quentin called out and nodded at the younger man, his smile was easy and teasing. That bastard. "Be a dear and read all new messages and emails sent this morning, yes? In my office, in five minutes."
"Of course, Mr. Beck," He smiled at the man shortly. Just as he was getting his iPad to organize the calls, messages, and emails for Quentin, Liz smiled teasingly at him and cocked an eyebrow when Quentin shut the door carefully.
"Have fun," She mumbled, already walking away.
"You too," He stuck out his tongue.
He didn't even wait the five minutes Quentin ordered. As if.
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Quentin was on a call, he had a frown on his face and his annoyed features didn't resemble how he was looking when he arrived. Peter was about to step back and shut the door, but Quentin was quick to look up and when he saw Peter he waved for him to come in.

notice.

"I understand that, Roy," He said while making a funny face to Peter, clearly mocking the person on the phone.

Peter giggled and raised his iPad to cover his mouth as he watched the man. Quentin is standing up, leaning confidently on the side of his desk. He looks so handsome with that trimmed beard that he is growing and that makes Peter feel all sort of things because the fact that Quentin is growing scruff is because Peter once said how much he likes *beard burn*.

His ex used to have a beard but it doesn't compare to Quentin's.

Quentin watched him back, all while answering distractedly on the phone. Peter likes the idea of being Quentin's distraction.

The younger man only walked a little bit closer towards his boss as he selected the most important emails to later read them to Quentin. Peter heard him finishing the call with exhausted sentences and Peter was glad he wasn't the one answering the call from that difficult client Roy.

"I like the scarf."

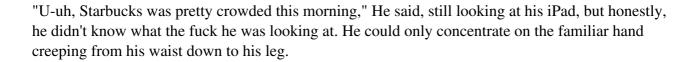
"Thank you, Mr. Beck," He bit down a grin.

"Is Liz gone?" Quentin sighed, straightening up and standing up from his desk. Peter barely looked up when Quentin walked around him, he forced himself not to.

He knows what Quentin's up to, almost every morning is like this. Not that Peter is complaining.

Peter hummed, still typing away on his iPad. He's trying to be professional, okay? Even if his fingers shake like his heartbeat accelerates because Quentin is suddenly standing too close behind Peter, looking over his shoulder to see what does the electronic device reads.

"How long do you think she'll take?" Quentin murmured lowly, his breath almost hit the back of Peter's neck, but Quentin still was maintaining a respectful distance, "*I'm hungry*."



"That's too bad, isn't it?"

And Peter wanted to cut him off because they have a lot of work to do, Quentin has two meetings because he wants to buy the competitor's branch and Peter needs to answer calls, set up appointments, take notes and attend the clients.

But, still, he wasn't strong enough —he didn't know how he ended up sitting up on his boss' desk with said boss in-between his legs, making out heatedly and pulling at each other's hair.

Well, Peter does know-how. You can't blame him, really. Not when Quentin started kissing the back of his neck, pulling down the scarf as his hands caressed Peter's belly from behind.

This setting isn't rare, in fact, Peter is often finding himself knocking over pens and cups because his ass sits on the desk *and* because his boss likes to taste him first thing in the morning. So does Peter, really.

"I missed you," Peter breathed out in-between kisses, his hands are gripping each side of Quentin's face tightly, putting their mouths impossibly closer.

The older man chuckled, "You saw me last night."

"I know," He smiled, feeling the beard rubbing against his chin pleasantly. Quentin's hands are resting on the desk, on each side of Peter's legs as their heads kept tilting to keep kissing; it was messy, almost *too* messy and irreverent, but that's how they like it. Peter wants Quentin to touch him, but he is too timid to ask and they have little time to do anything. He just dragged down his hands and rested them on top of Quentin's.

"God, you look so good on those jeans," Beck mumbled, pulling away to deliver quick pecks on Peter's jaw.

Peter opened his eyes slightly and a breathy moan escaped his mouth, he bit his upper lip and hugged the man's shoulders loosely, he was too focused on getting consumed by the expensive

cologne the other wore. He loves how Quentin smells, sophisticated and manly. Peter's always left smelling like him after any sort of exchange or meeting. He loves that too.

The older man then was sneakily running his hand up Peter's thigh, but Peter stopped him by pushing his hand away.

"Beck..." He said cautiously, still tilting his head to let Quentin nib and kiss his jaw and neck, "We need to get back to work."

"Sure thing," Quentin hummed, settling his hands on Peter's sides, thumbs rubbing on his ribs.

They kissed again and Peter stuck his tongue inside Quentin's mouth because he was an impatient, frustrated person, okay? –the wet noises in the quiet room should be embarrassing, but they were arousing instead. Peter still fantasizes about fucking on this mere office and on this mere desk, with his boss right behind him, holding him down against the wood. One day, perhaps, when nobody is in the building, but that's what's hot, isn't it? Having an audience.

Peter was waiting for a knock to interrupt them but it never came, so they kept making out and groping each other. Until Peter's iPad dinged and Beck's phone buzzed loudly, he pulled away slightly, still sharing little, lazy pecks.

"I need to get back to work," Peter mumbled, pulling away again when Beck kissed him heatedly, trying to shut him up, "-And, you have a lot of work to do, Mr. B-"

"Don't you fucking call me that if you want to get out of here fully dressed."

The younger man giggled while his bottom lip got bitten and sucked by Quentin. He closed his eyes and gripped the well-built arms, the ones that can carry him and hold him down so easily. Their noses bumped together on accident and they smiled against each other.

"Seriously, I need to get back," He said, not making a move to pull away, contradicting himself.

Quentin hummed again, "I bet."

"I..." Peter cut himself off by kissing his boss again, it was tender and slow, too intimate and they both sighed, "... Have a lot of work to do," He whispered. Entranced and distracted. "I can tell," Quentin grinned, making a move to pull away but Peter hugged his middle and kissed him more intently. Quentin chuckled and Peter crossed his ankles together behind the man's legs. He can always call back whatever missed call he has. After almost ten minutes of irresponsibly making out and murmuring to each other –Quentin's phone ringed and Peter's iPad notified him of two new received emails. They parted ways reluctantly. And, Peter was left fixing his now messed up hair and shirt before updating his boss with new messages and emails. He would stutter sometimes because Quentin was looking at him up and down irreverently as he sat on his expensive leather chair behind the big desk, he rested his chin on his hand as if he was analyzing Peter. "Stop looking at me like that," The younger man had said in embarrassment as he was looking for the contact Quentin asked for. "Sorry, you don't like it?" Peter had his closed-lip grin behind his newly fixed scarf. "Thank you, Mr. Parker. Your service is always appreciated," Quentin said when Peter was opening the door. He gave the man a shy, reserved smile and he received a playful winked as an answer. His smile widened. Liz was already waiting on her desk when he got out, he cleared his throat awkwardly and lowered

his gaze when she was already looking at him with a knowing smirk and crossed arms. The paper

"How was it?" She asked, "Can I come in now?"

bag with the Starbucks logo sat on her desk.

"Ugh, shut up," He said quickly and sat down on his chair. He started to nervously clean around and crumble unwanted paper sheets.

should take a look at yourself, Pete."

"You look... messy," She clicked her tongue and it was clear she was avoiding laughing, "You

The younger man watched her go in with their boss breakfast and he was fast enough to open the front camera of his iPad and do what his friend said, and –yes, she wasn't teasing him. Peter really looks... messy. His lips are kind of swollen, his chin is red and his cheeks are flushed, his hair is kind of undone too. Well, Quentin kept on pulling at it, and Peter couldn't complain.

He stood up, quite horrified because he'll be receiving important business people soon and he's looking like *this*. Like, his boss just ate his face and undressed him. Quentin never worries to be careful about appearances.

The cleaning lady looked at him weirdly as he jogged to the bathroom to make himself presentable once again.

Damn Quentin Beck and his irresistible ways.

Ugh.

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Peter didn't really know what the hell is their relationship and where are they're standing right now. He doesn't dare to ask Quentin in fear of scaring him away. But –they're definitely more than friends now, but he's sure they're not exclusive or a couple (though, Peter stopped sleeping with his ex because he started seeing Quentin) and they're still in a boss and employee relationship which he doesn't know what's worse.

Though, he'd love to have a concert for their... relationship. He can't quite put his finger on it.

It is something casual. Definitely. Even though Quentin clearly appreciates Peter and likewise, but this isn't something serious. And, that honestly, pains Peter and makes him cringe because he hates

himself because he's falling hard. He didn't want to admit it, but he finally did when Quentin once blew Peter off and left with a Tiffany from the floor above. He drove home crying, he stopped at a fast-food restaurant to eat and fell into bad old habits which was called his ex Brad to fuck. He felt horrible and he avoided Quentin for two days, he had nothing to be angry about, he had no *right*, but still, he couldn't help it.

But, he quickly forgave his boss when he took Peter on a very lovely walk on the Brooklyn bridge and made love to him afterward at his place in Manhattan.

But, Peter's so deep in now that he would take whatever Quentin has to give. He knows he is the only party feeling like this –why would someone like Quentin Beck have the hots for little awkward secretary Peter who is fifteen years younger, when he could literally have anyone he wanted.

Peter hates to think about it, but he is almost waiting for Quentin to get bored with him. And, he doesn't want to believe Liz when she mentions how Quentin looks at Peter with this dopey, heart eyes.

No –Beck would never want something else other than the good sex they share, long talks, dates, bits of advice and great quality time?

... Right?

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In the beginning, when they first started having sex, Quentin would take Peter to nice hotels, but when they got comfortable with each other, they started hanging out at each other's places, even though Peter was ashamed of his shitty, small apartment Quentin seemed to like it somehow.

But, Peter remembers that none of them would spend the night. It was a little awkward after the sex. And even though they rested together and even ordered something to eat, Quentin would casually suggest if he wanted Peter to order a cab. That was a hint for a denied permission of staying over. Quentin was really sweet about it, he would even wait with Peter on the sidewalk until the cab or Uber arrived and Peter got in safely. But, that shattered hope always happened after it was clear Quentin didn't want to compromise himself.

Or, whenever they did it at Peter's place, they would actually fall asleep for a while and it was so

nice, so so nice that sometimes Peter couldn't fall asleep because he couldn't get over the fact that his boss, crush, fuckbuddie, and friend was snoring comfortably next to him. He would think that maybe things were evolving, but then he was left pretending to be asleep whenever Quentin would wake up, get dressed and leave the house quietly.

It honestly bothered Peter, but at least Quentin would always leave a note with messy writing reading:

Had fun;)

You looked pretty sleeping

Didn't want to wake you up

I'll see you at work

Quentin could easily text him that, but Peter appreciated very much the gesture. It felt personal.

Peter shut himself down and convinced himself that this was just a fun, sexy fling.

-Until Quentin started staying over.

Oh, Lord. Did Peter's hopes and expectations flew to the sky.

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It started spontaneously.

Them staying at each other's houses, that is.

The first time it happened was at Peter's place. Peter had just finished riding Beck and they were left watching a TV show on Peter's laptop (because he didn't have a TV in his room) to chill and allow their heartbeats to slow down.

Peter was resting on his side with shut eyes, one of his arms was resting on Quentin's chest, but he

lifted off when he felt him sitting up, he didn't bother to open his eyes because he thought that Quentin was standing up to get ready and leave Peter with a last peck on his lips, but –

"Fuck, I'm really tired," Quentin mumbled and pulled the comforter by their feet to cover their naked bodies, "Is it okay if I stay the night?"

The younger man actually frowned slightly and he couldn't help let his stomach do an excited, *relieved* flip. He didn't answer, because he didn't know if Quentin was joking and he didn't want to be left looking like an idiot agreeing eagerly. Because he was pretty sure Quentin knew how much Peter *liked* him.

It was fucking weird that Quentin was the one asking if he could stay the night, and he asked it so casually and lazily as if it wasn't a big deal —which, it wasn't. But, it was for Peter. They had obviously done far more intimate things than sleeping in the same bed. It was stupid, really.

An awkward silence invaded them and Quentin broke eye contact, he sighed and let out a breathy laugh while shrugging, "I mean, it's okay if you feel weird about it, I'll go in a—"

"No, *no*. I just—" (*can't believe it*) Peter said way *too* quickly and held back from sitting up, he smiled crookedly, "It's totally fine. Only if you don't snore."

The older man chuckled and laid down again, close beside Peter, closer than they already were, "I can't promise that."

They laid on their sides, facing each other, their hands touched lightly and Peter stroked his finger on the other's unconsciously. They stared at each other, but it wasn't weird. Quentin smiled at Peter, his eyes were half-closed and he did look tired.

Peter found himself opening his mouth before he could think, "This isn't weird, right?"

He meant them actually sleeping together. And, he knew Quentin understood. He didn't know why it felt like a big deal.

Quentin just shook his head and hummed.



"Just because," It was simple. Peter tends to ask too many, unnecessary questions and Beck always answers shortly, with patience when that's happening.

Peter closed his eyes, feeling calm and weirdly happy. He sighed quietly and dug his face in his pillow, "I'm tired too."

A hand crept into his hair and rough fingertips started caressing his scalp. Peter relaxed and rested his hand on the man's arm.

He fell asleep fantasizing about what they would eat for breakfast, maybe they would watch TV and maybe they would wake up and have lazy, morning sex with amazing orgasms to start the day. He thought about them cooking together and talking about everything in the small kitchen island.

Peter felt stupid, though. When he woke up alone the next morning in a cold bed.

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After that, falling asleep together after fucking became normality.

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Sometimes they sneak out of the office to do any sort of thing. Sometimes it's kinky or sometimes they just leave to have lunch and talk. Peter really likes talking with Beck and he knows Beck does too. Peter can't help blushing and stuttering because Beck's eyes are always warm and fond of him every time Peter is speaking.

-But, this particular day, Quentin was stressed out and Peter was hyperactive because it's been a very busy day, even for Peter.

So, when Quentin texted him and told him to meet him outside in his car; Peter was going to decline the offer. But, he really wanted to see Quentin and stop acting like they weren't obviously fucking each other.

But, they didn't even leave office property, they didn't have time for that.

That's how Peter found himself in the back of his boss' car, in a not so empty parking lot, but where Quentin always parks is reserved and clear for him. He was reluctant at first, saying how risky it was to just do *anything* in his freaking car, but then –he came to the realization that *risky* equals hot.

Besides, it's far from their first time doing this.

Peter's breathing is heavy but at the same time soft, his head is turned to his side and Quentin's kissing his jaw and ear tenderly, leaving wet traces.

"Look at me," Quentin whispers.

Peter would've but he's to abash and timid right now —when his pants are hanging off one ankle, his legs are spread and Quentin is fingering him with slow, sharp movements. Peter's already on edge with doing this in a public space even if there isn't anyone around and having to look at the blue eyes gazing at him intensively while Peter moans, seemed too much.

Still, he just turned his head and rested it in the crook of Quentin's neck as one if his hand travel down to rest on top of Quentin's that was moving in-between his legs, he felt it move back and forward and that shouldn't turn him on so much. But it did.

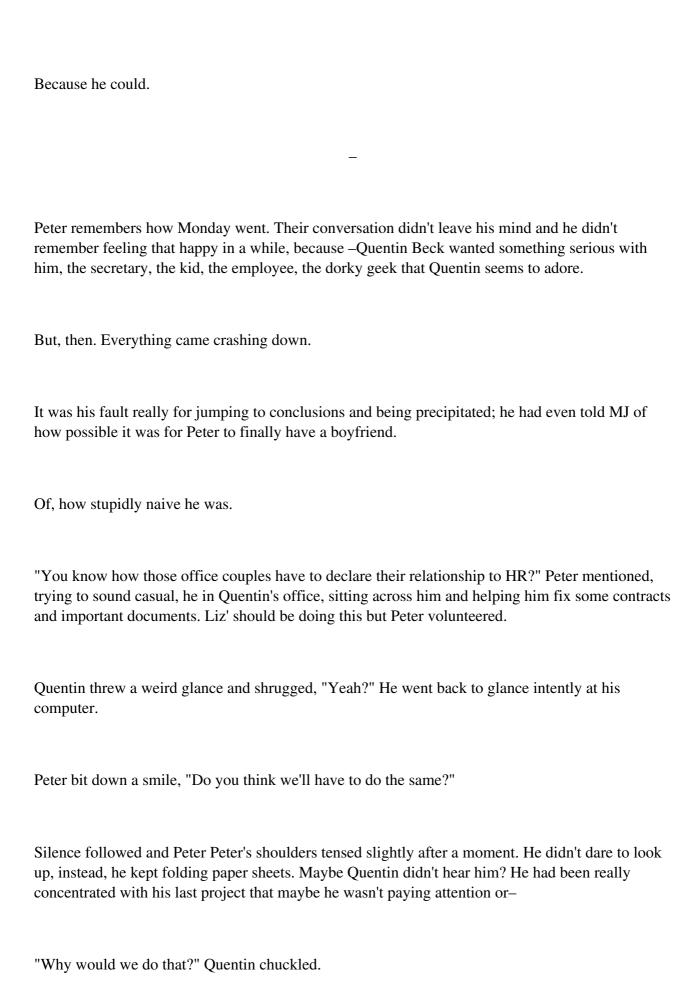
There were touches to his prostate that could be considered happy accidents, but he knew Quentin knows his body so well by now that he was just teasing him. Peter's legs thighs are shaking slightly, they always do when something is inside him, or maybe Quentin just knows how to really push him.

Oh, he knows.

"Ow, ow," He whined, but no in pain. He started fondling himself and even though the car's windows were dark, the thought of being seen, with his boss hand in-between his legs, kissing his neck and mouth was sending him to the edge.

Everybody wanted to sleep with Quentin and here Peter was –Who thought?
"You gonna come?"
Peter sighed and he did.
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The way Quentin watched him made Peter blush and wonder the pretty thoughts he was thinking about Peter. He smiles fondly when Peter talks to fast, he hates when Peter apologizes and he loves when Peter is himself. He's said so himself and Peter couldn't be more flattered. A lot of people find him annoying when he is being himself, but Quentin doesn't.
Peter liked to think that he is more than a fuck to Quentin and he knows he is more than that, he knows Quentin cares about him and that he appreciates him. Peter sometimes fantasizes (he's been doing that lately) about Quentin finally confessing his feelings and telling how much he loves Peter.
But –ha.
Yeah, right.
After four months of seeing each other sleeping together, Peter has had enough already and he was tired of keeping the facades of 'this is just a game, yay' and acting like the sex and dates meant shit. Because they fucking meant everything and he wanted to tell Quentin how that was true. Maybe, Quentin was feeling the same but he was worried about scaring Peter off. <i>Absurd</i> .
And, then, <i>that</i> night happened –where they drank a little too much. And, Peter doesn't tend to get drunk often so the wine got to him fast. Much faster than he would rather choose.
And their conversation turned from playful to bizarre, to sweet and weird.
Because –





And, Peter's heart dropped. Like a brick to the ground and it hurt.



	some calls to make," He stood up abruptly and cleared his throat, "For the meeting. I" help you finish this."
	was gathering his things Peter looked at Quentin for a short moment but turned aroun en he saw him rubbing at his face in what seems a frustrated manner.
Fuck. Fuc	rk.
Stupid. Sc	o, so stupid.
	was gripping the doorknob when Quentin called for him. Then he was walking toward turning him around by a steady grip on hid narrow waist.
tell him he	udden Peter made a small story in his head, in just a few seconds –where Quentin works sorry and that he's bad with words, that he sucks at having something serious but it try it with Peter; that he was willing to love and take care of him, Peter was imagining issing passionately and saying how much of an idiot he was for not appreciating Peter.
But–	
-	get like this Or if you're feeling like this," Quentin looked down, "I don't think we ep doing this."
	lly shred a tear but he quickly wiped it away, "No, no," He feels so stupid and he hate not respecting himself, "I'm not getting like this, Beck. I'm sorry."
	no feelings," Quentin's voice was low and Peter panicked because this felt like the enculdn't allow that.
"I'm not fo	eeling like that. I just had a rough morning and I'm a little emotional, but it's nothing,
	till wasn't looking at him.

Peter sniffed and forced out a chuckle, "I was kidding, Beck. God." He stepped closer and started playing with his boss's tie, "Sorry for getting like that."

The man leaned against the wall, "I just –sorry. But, it weirds me out. Because I just want to keep fooling around, that's all. I don't want complicated conversations or tears."

He was honest and crude, and Peter ached but he appreciated the sweet tone Quentin used.

"Me too," He lied again. And, smiled slightly, almost sadly.

Quentin looked at him, he still seemed unsure.

And at that moment, Peter realized how fucked he was and how he would take anything Quentin has to offer. Because Peter is *that* person. The ono who falls in love and cares too much. And, Beck is the one who got away. And – why does Peter still has hope?

"I'll let you fuck me rough tonight if you get out early," Peter said to Quentin's ear, he forced the erotic tone and explicit words.

He felt humiliated and not like himself, but he knows he will keep Quentin if he puts out. And, it was worth it because Quentin was pushing against the door, pinning Peter's hands above his head on the door and he kissed him messily and passionately. Like, Peter wanted, but it felt wrong. Because there was only lust and not love.

He took it still because Quentin is touching him and forgetting Peter broken down like that. He's giving him another opportunity and Peter eagerly took it.

He moaned and gasp, he didn't even give a fuck if someone was outside, but he was too broken and far too gone to notice anything, he could only feel the lips on his neck and the hands-on his hips. And, he wanted to only feel that.

The paperwork was forgotten because Quentin was saying how pretty Peter was and what he'd do to him if they weren't there. If they were in Peter's bed and how hard he'd made him scream.

Peter wasn't proud of himself, but he ended up under Quentin's desk. Sucking him off and being good for him. He didn't care about how nice he dressed for Quentin and how messy his clothes ended up looking, how he spends fifteen minutes fixing his hair only for Quentin to screw it up, he didn't care about how he kept looking up at Quentin with love in his eyes and the painful thought in his mind, only for Quentin to have shut eyes because he was enjoying more pushing Peter's head up and down.

It doesn't matter if Quentin doesn't love him as Peter does.

Perhaps he will someday.

Chapter End Notes

I'm hoe for comments. Pls do

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Sometimes he calls Peter drunkenly in the middle of the night to tell him how much he wished they were something more and sometimes he completely ignores Peter.

It's giving Peter a severe case of whiplash.

Chapter Notes

Inspiration came to me unexpectedly and it made me log in my account after a long time and write a chapter for this story that I didn't even plan on continuing and omg I-

You guys really liked it!

I can't thank you enough for all the amazing and sweet comments in the first chapter, believe me, I went and read through all of them carefully and let them made my day, seriously every single one of them was amazing, thank you so much <3 and reading them made me write a continuation:)

You're truly the best <3

So I really hope you enjoy this and tell me about that:D

See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>

Peter had a little of an overthinking session –in his shitty bathtub, half-filled with a few drops of the expensive essential oil Quentin gave him, cranberry vodka on the toilet seat as unstopping tears wetted his face– after the awkward, hurtful talk they had at Quentin's office.

It was like a reality check.

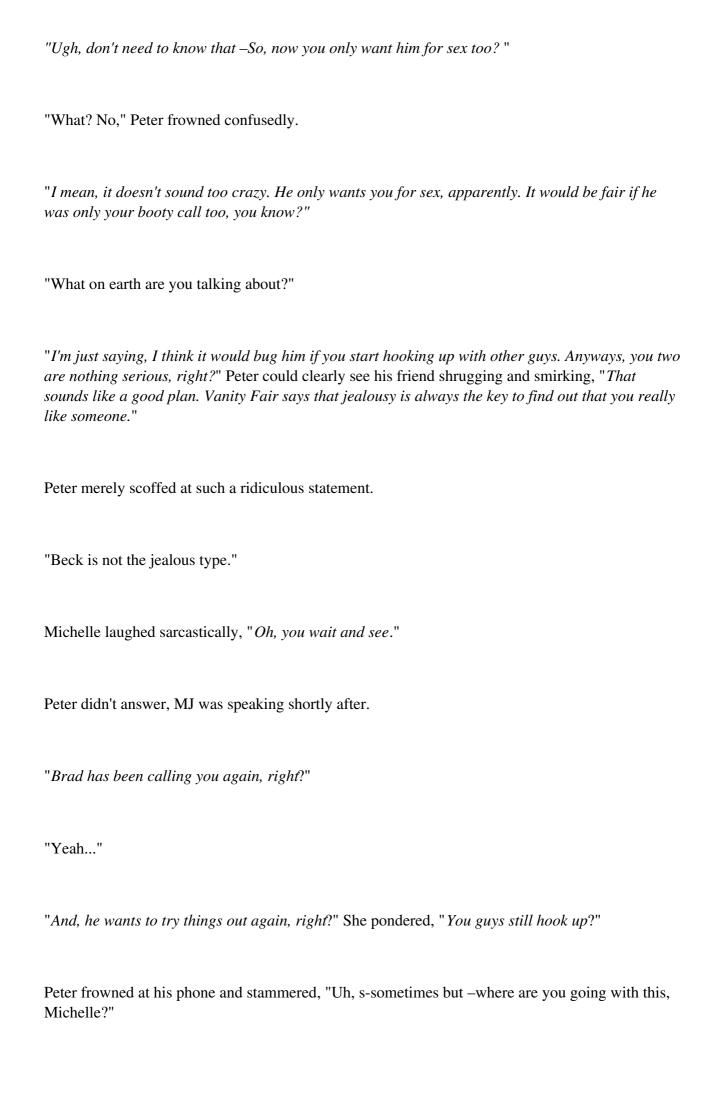
And Peter wanted to die.

Because, yes, his stupid sweet, corny, and hopeful wishes just were so... dumb. How could he even *think* that Quentin wanted something serious, or really, *really* liked Peter, that they would wake up together every day and have breakfast, or that they would go to Coney Island on Sundays, walking hand in hand as couples do; how could he think that Quentin wanted him not just for sex.

How could Peter think that Quentin loved him?
God, Peter is so naive. He rolls his eyes at himself every time he thinks about it.
But it's just that sometimes Quentin looks at him with a little too much appreciation making his eyes shine, he touches him like Peter would break or like he is something Quentin marvels with all his heart and he treats Peter like he deserves the world.
But sometimes he makes Peter feel like a mere trashcan when Quentin catches himself looking at Peter lovingly or when he is saying something sweet he shouldn't say to then later play it as a joke.
MJ told Peter that he deserves better.
And Peter is too blindingly in love to realize that what Quentin has to offer is not <i>better</i> . But to Peter, it is.
Still, Peter tried to distance himself from Quentin after the talk, to heal and forget about this little affair or move on because clearly, it was going nowhere. At least not where Peter wanted.
He failed on the first day of trying that.
When Quentin quietly sneaked a hand down Peter's belly when Peter was on the phone with a client and taking notes for Quentin to read. He tried to fight it, he even elbowed Quentin harshly because Peter just was so angry at himself and Quentin, but he gave up, said goodbye to the client with a breathy voice, and pushed his boss against the wall to hungrily and frustratedly attack his mouth with his own.
Peter couldn't even feel guilty about succumbing, to be honest.
Not when Quentin arrived late at his business meeting just because he wanted to be with Peter.

.





Okay, he does hooks up with his ex from time to time. Mostly when he is feeling self-deprecating and unworthy. It's a weird feeling, it always comes when Quentin hints something that their relationship is nothing but friendly fucking or when Peter finds out he spent the night with someone else. Peter is human, okay? And he gets to do stupid shit –like fucking his ex out of despite of Quentin's lack of care and attention.

Besides, Brad isn't *that* bad. The sex is good most of the time. But Brad tends to be a toxic, possessive, intolerant prick. That's why Peter broke up with him a year ago. But, he's actually going to therapy or something he told Peter because he's been acting differently, really sweet, and mentioning that it would be nice if they got back together and try it again.

Of course, that thought never crossed his mind, Brad is not Beck. So no.

"What I'm trying to say is that I kinda doubt Quentin will be too fond of the fact that you're seeing someone else and, I don't know!" She said excitedly, "Brad seems like he's changed. You should give it a go, bro."

He was left staring at his own reflection looking back at him with a frown because what? Somehow, what nonsense MJ said... made sense to Peter, was he really contemplating d—

"What are you wearing anyway? Have you decided yet?"

"Yeah..." Peter turned around to twist his head and look back, he shrugged and nodded, "I look good, I think."

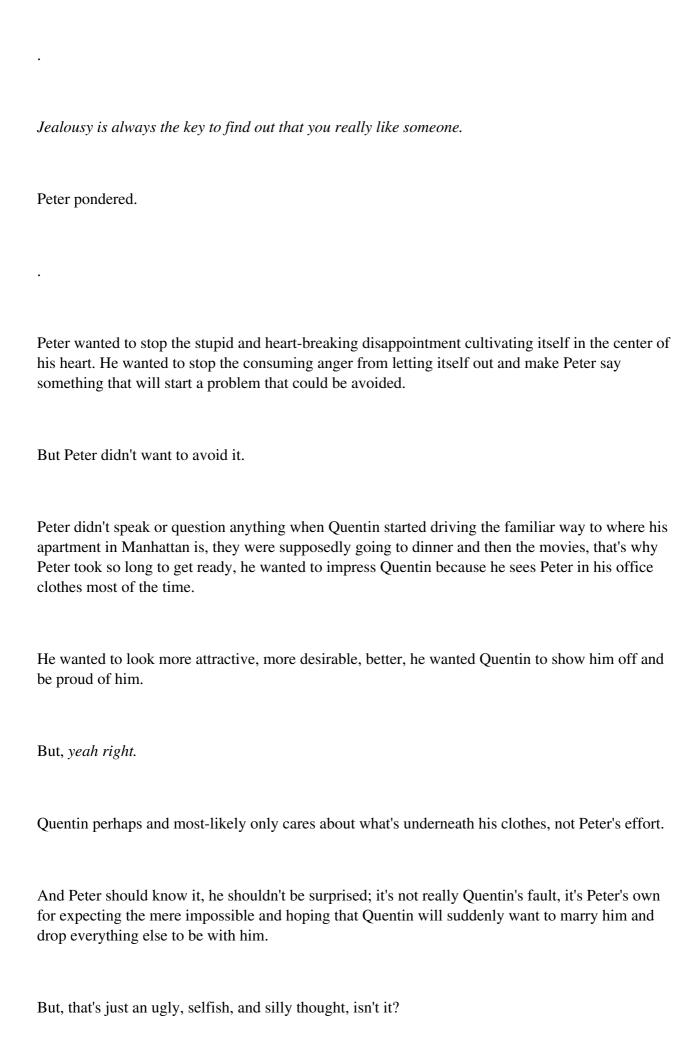
"Ugh, so modest. You know you're a snack. Send me a pic, nerd."

Peter did so shortly and heard his friend hummed appreciatingly.

"You like?"

"Your ass looks great, I approve," MJ said happily, "Quentin will literally drool."

Peter just laughed. Because he knows for a *fact* that Quentin will drool.



He feels dumb and uncomfortable. But, Peter was still saying nothing when they were riding the elegant elevator and entering Quentin's penthouse after. He could say nothing really, Quentin has been on a business call almost since he picked Peter up, if not Peter would definitely ask what the fuck. But, Quentin held his hand on the elevator and halls as they walked, that, at least, comforted him truthfully. Even if the ugly anxiety was killing him. Quentin was still on the phone call when he sat down on the white, impeccable living room and left Peter to wander freely in the amazing flat. Peter tried standing in front of Quentin and pull at his hand to make him stand up and pay attention to Peter but Quentin only gave him a short look and kissed the top of his hand tenderly, maybe as an apology –And, Peter understands, really. It was a really important client and Quentin is an excellent businessman. But, what's bothering Peter is the fact that Quentin promised he would let work out of their date tonight. He promised that over sweet, annoyingly affectionate kisses he was giving all over Peter's face when he finished reading the emails in his office. (Yet, Quentin claims he feels nothing but lust towards Peter, MJ would say wisely) So, Peter sighed and ventured himself towards the kitchen to find snacks, and maybe whatever alcohol Quentin definitely has to calm his nerves and stress. He ended up munching on freshly washed strawberries and taking small gulps of a really strong cognac that he deluded with sparkling water. He prepared one for Quentin –and as he was doing that he stared at the man talking easily, confidently and smiling slightly, with short, charming laughs to fill the silence. His beard was recently trimmed and his hair was nicely combed back, it's been a while since Quentin undid his tie and first few buttons of his dress shirt, he always does that after work and Peter doesn't know why he finds that so endearingly attractive.

Peter should be embarrassed of himself. He is.

Peter huffed in defeat –That bastard is so unfairly hot.

Quentin could be de death of him but he gives Peter great orgasms and he can't die just yet, honestly.

Peter had a strawberry halfway in his mouth as he went to the living room again, he stood in front of Quentin, in-between his spread legs and stretched out his hand holding the glass with liquor, Quentin looked at him, then at the glass before taking it distractedly and giving the contents a short sniff, he hummed to the client before throwing his head and emptying all the liquid in his mouth in a single go before swallowing it quickly to continue talking.

Peter widened his eyes and slapped Quentin's shoulder softly. He sat down. Really close to him. Placing one of his legs over Quentin's and hugging his middle, not letting go stubbornly, still munching on the strawberry. He buried his face in the other's neck and breathed in the strong, fresh cologne Quentin always wears. Peter loves it. So much that he started delivering tiny, wet kisses to the side of his neck, traveling up to his strong jaw until his mouth landed on the bearded cheek. Peter felt it move as Quentin kept speaking, he gave Peter a warning glance, but Peter didn't care, he began biting playfully the skin of his cheek and jaw before blowing a small, quiet raspberry right in the corner of his mouth.

Then, Quentin was pushing him away with his elbow and looking at Peter with a small frown.

"Yeah, of course, hold on," He said to the phone and separated from his face to whisper quickly: "This is really important, Peter. Please stop that and behave."

Peter actually was left taken aback. He stared at Quentin with a confused frown and fast blinking. Quentin seldom speaks to him like that, he is a really patient person. Peter felt embarrassed and silly. Peter let go of him slowly and shifted on his spot uncomfortably, Quentin did notice the hurt expression because he looked over twice and tried to grab Peter's hand but Peter pretended he was busy grabbing his own glass with liquor. He felt stupid for feeling the burn of tears in his eyes, he didn't allow himself to cry because Quentin always freaks out or feels bad when Peter cries. Besides, maybe Peter was really being annoying and inconsiderate with Quentin being on a business call.

He swallowed the alcohol in a go too and cringed slightly. Beck watched him but Peter didn't look at him.

Maybe he was being dramatic, maybe he was being sensitive –but Peter was just so fucking *hurt*. And not just because of this, because of everything, the situation, his relationship, his feelings, he was upset and it was almost like Peter is having enough and less patience as the days go by.

As if he's realising what the fuck is up. Finally and painfully.

Peter sighed tiredly and laid down on the couch, on his side, his feet barely touched the side of Beck's thigh because he curled his legs and used his own arm as a pillow while he watched the muted TV. The cognac left an ugly after-taste but Peter found himself with droopy eyelids and a tired mindset, maybe it was the two glasses of alcohol that were making him feel warm and sleepy, or maybe it was work tiring him to a limit or it was just the thought of Quentin not loving him.

or maybe it was work tiring him to a limit or it was just the thought of Quentin not loving him.
Who knows?
But, Peter ended up drifting into unconsciousness accidentally.
He barely acknowledged Beck's tender touches on his foot and ankle, massaging, but it was comfortable enough.
Quentin never left his mind.
-
Peter felt soft tingles on his cheek and eyelids and he moaned moodily, moving his head and shifting heavily, still planning to continue sleeping. The sound of music was vaguely heard. More tingles to his face and Peter groaned stubbornly, lifting his hand slapping away whatever was touching him, only to encounter another hand, he slapped it away anyway and groaned again.
A chuckle echoed in his ear and the familiar voice mumbled, "You're cute, Parker."
Peter's lips curved into a small, sleepy smile.

A finger poked at his nostril and Peter gave the ultimate annoyed whine and stretched his arm to blindly hit Beck, his loose fist landed on his face and Beck laughed, biting Peter's fingers.

"Stooop," Peter spoke groggily, attempting to face away but Quentin didn't let him, "Let me sleep."

"Wake up, sleepyhead," Beck said, "You look annoyingly cute, maybe I'll let you sleep just because of that." A tender caress on Peter's parted lips made him finally open his eyes, he didn't have to squint too much because the lights were dimmed. Peter turned his head to the side and found Beck sitting on the ground beside the couch, to be at Peter's level. Beck was grinning softly as his hand caressed Peter's scalp. Peter hummed contently and turned on his side to face the other. "Hey, baby," Beck was still mumbling, "You fell asleep." "What time is it?" Peter's eyes were half-closed. The hand on his head wasn't helping to keep him awake. "Just a little past nine." Peter shifted and just watched the tired blue eyes. "I'm off work now," Beck announced. "Finally?" He chuckled and pinched Peter's cheek playfully, "How about we order take out and get drunk?" He paused as his thumb ran over Peter's bottom lip, "Then fuck in the balcony?" The younger rolled his eyes. "What is it?" Quentin looked at him funnily. Peter stayed silent for a moment and looked away, "Why are we here, Quentin?"

"Why are we... Here?" Quentin frowned confusedly, "I don't understand."

He couldn't help letting out an annoyed sigh, "The plan was to go to that restaurant we like and then to the movies."

"Well, yeah but, I figured this was okay too," Quentin smiled, frowning a bit as if Peter made no sense at all. And, it *angered* Peter, "You don't wanna be here?"

"I do. I just—" Peter sat down and looked down, pushing Quentin's hand on his head away carefully, "... I put on, like, nice clothes and all because we were supposedly going out."

Quentin sighed, but it wasn't an annoyed one. It seemed tired and... Guilty. He stood up to sit down next to Peter on the couch, who still had a sleepy expression and pout. Quentin looked a little remorseful, he eyed Peter carefully and the guilt in his face was starting to be more noticeable but when Peter looked at him he quickly looked away and sighed again, this time he did sound annoyed.

Beck always does that. Whenever Peter catches him staring, or when he catches himself being stupidly sweet and soft with Peter and

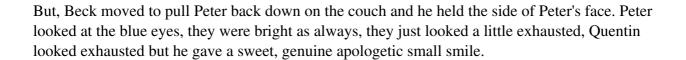
"I should've asked you first, okay?"

Peter didn't say anything.

Quentin didn't too for a moment. Peter was about to stand up, already expecting Quentin to tell him to stop behaving as if Peter was his boyfriend and as if they were a *real* couple. And, Quentin would be right, that's the worse of it all. Peter doesn't really have a right to claim or fight anything. Hell, he should be just happy that Quentin is choosing to give a moment of his busy life to Peter and not spend it with someone else.

Peter hasn't always has had the best self-esteem. MJ always says that's his biggest flaw.

Peter hates himself for thinking like that, to ignore his own worth as if Quentin was the biggest deal and savior and Peter was the little desperate, lost puppy. And, honestly, sometimes it felt like it really was like that.



"Hey, I'm sorry, okay?"

Peter couldn't help but allow his stomach to do a little flip. He hid a wide grin threatening to come by biting his bottom lip and shrugging casually.

"It's alright, Mr. Beck," He bit Quentin's palm playfully and then licked it afterward.

Quentin raised his eyebrows, "You know what happens when you call me that?"

"Yeah, I think I have an idea," Peter laughed loudly when Quentin attacked his face with little soft, quick kisses all over his face, "Stop! You're messing up my hair."

"It looks sexy messed up," Quentin pulled back and smiled easily, "Then, wanna go somewhere else? We'll go to your favorite sushi place."

Peter sighed lazily and laid down heavily, putting his legs over Quentin's, "I don't know, I'm alright with being here, I guess. I'm tired."

"You sure?" Quentin looked hesitant, he started massaging Peter's feet and ankles like Peter likes, "It's still kinda early, Pete."

"Yeah," He trailed off and looked at the enormous television, wondering, before shifting to stretch his body and groaning exaggeratedly, "I'm okay with being here, really," He mumbled with a strained voice.

And, I just want to be with you. Peter left that out, fearing it would come out as too personal. But, fuck, that's all Peter wants, be with Quentin.

Quentin smiled, getting on top of Peter to kiss him deeply, "I'll prepare us dinner. How's that sound?"



gets to look at Quentin's face and his half-closed blue eyes. Visual contact has always turned Peter on during sex. Kissing and having Beck to lower his head to lick and bite his neck as they become one and his body starts moving with fast, hard thrusts is a favorite on Peter's preferences and likings.

But, Beck us going slow and languid tonight.

It feels different, it's not their usual rough, desperate, and experienced session. It's just the fewest of times that Quentin wants to take it slow and take the whole time in the world to build up tension and pleasure for both of them. Peter likes it. Peter *loves* it. It makes him feel warm and fuzzy inside, it's intense and his whole body clenches at the care in Quentin's touches.

Peter doesn't think he's ever *made love*. Like, that sweet, unhurried emotional fucking that everyone talks about. Maybe he and Brad did it the first few times they started sleeping together but he doesn't really know. They did love each other very much and you need to love someone for the sex to turn romantic deep, right?

So, Peter doubts he's ever made love with Quentin.

But, if anything, this here, right now, at this moment, how they're fucking, Peter would say is the closest they had got to making love.

Because –holy fuck.

"Ah," Peter bit his bottom lip to silence himself and brought his arm to his face.

"Don't do that. I wanna hear you."

Beck fucked into him again, strong but slow, his mouth ran over Peter's shoulder and chest. His hand is pulling at his hair in a gentle, firm way, still letting know who's sweetly in charge. Beck bit his nipple and kissed it twice. Peter moaned lazily and threw his head back, allowing his fingers to grip the long strings of the carpet under his body. It rubbed under him in a pleasant way.

Yes –they ended up on the carpet, in the middle of the living room, after Beck tackled Peter over and almost tickled him to death until they ended up making out and taking off their clothes clumsily while giggling to each other like little kids as if someone would hear them, they stayed

there in the carpet; because it was comfortable enough and they were a bit too tipsy and lazy to move to the couch or room.

Quentin accidentally put on too much lube because he squirted a little too hard at the bottle when he laughed at this awful, stupid joke Peter drunkenly told him, and it should be comical enough, Peter rambling nonsense like he tends to do as he laid on the floor naked with his legs spread, waiting impatiently and pushing at Quentin's chest and belly with his feet playfully, when he would get close to his face Quentin would try to bite his feet and Peter would squirm away laughing.

Until Beck shut him up by kissing him and burying himself inside Peter recklessly and knowingly fast.

Beck's been giving Peter this little wet kisses. His hand has been resting on the side of his face, caressing him, his thumb keeps brushing his lips and Peter sometimes sucks on it or bites it, the thumb sometimes gets stuck between their lips because they can't hold back from making out like horny, pliant teenagers in love.

"Fuck, I'm close," Peter whispered when he started touching himself and the other began going a tad bit faster.

Beck didn't answer, he just pecked Peter's parted lips and continued.

Peter wrapped his legs around Beck's waist to try and pull him in closer, deeper. Beck obeyed and Peter gasped, his hands coming up to grip the strong arms. He's letting out this little, soft sounds and pants, with his head turned sideways and his face scrunching up more in ecstasy and pleasure by every passing second.

Peter doesn't really know what made him look up and open his eyes.

Maybe Beck was just being too quiet, or maybe he just felt the heavy gaze on him.

Because Beck was staring.

The blue eyes were running all over Peter's feature, they almost looked like they were admiring, taking in all of Peter's features. Peter caught this dopey, content shine in Beck's eyes and face. He

looks breathless, caught up in the moment, and stupidly fond of Peter. Like, as if he couldn't believe his fucking luck of getting to see Peter like that. Beck hasn't ever looked at Peter like that, or maybe he hasn't noticed before. Maybe the sex was just being too good and Peter just fulfilling Beck's expectations. But, Peter loved it, his heart ached and he felt like crying. It was fucking intense. He was about to kiss Beck, or smile at him or just stare at him the same way he was being stared at, or just finally and carelessly yell at him how much he loves Beck –but he couldn't. Because Beck noticed he was caught staring at Peter and he quickly acquired a small frown, the whole pretty, wholesome look was gone, he lowered his face and bit Peter's sweaty neck distractedly, a bit too harshly, Peter winced. He started going faster and harder, almost appearing upset. Peter had mixed feelings too. Peter was confused, he was turned on and he was angry at the same time. He just wants to stop thinking and just enjoy. Apparently, Beck too. "Is this good?" Beck panted, referring to his fucking. Peter just hugged his torso tightly and kissed his face softly, trying to soothe him and tell him wordlessly everything is okay.

Beck made him come first and in the middle of it, Beck kissed him deeply, leaving no room to breathe or process. He looked like a crazed man every single twitch and gasp Peter gave as he fucked him through his orgasm. He always watches Peter when he comes. He always watches Peter, period. No matter what, even if Beck pretends he doesn't.

Peter let him keep sliding in and out of him, his hands rested on Quentin's chest and they made eye contact for a short moment, both of their eyes were heavy and half-closed. Beck is so hot and Peter

can't get enough of that consuming thought, his brown hair is on his forehead and his beard keep	S
brushing Peter's chin and nose. Beck's wandering hand brushed Peter's face and he turned to kiss	į
Beck's palm sweetly.	

"I'm close, baby."

Beck kissed him longingly and mutter his confession. Peter started rolling his hips back, chasing Beck's hardness. Peter ignored the over-sensitivity and slight pain that invades his lower body after coming, but he desperately wants Beck to get off on him. He wants to be the reason for Beck's pleasure and surrender. He wants to be the reason Beck gets hard and longs after Peter. He wants to be the reason Beck gets distracted at work and calls him in the middle of the night to just hear Peter's voice. He wants to be desired, admired, and wanted.

By Beck, not just anyone, just Beck.

-

Brad:) 4:12 a.m

I miss you Peter

Been thinking about you a lot

Remember our trip to Canada?

Brad:) 5:00 a.m

I really miss you.

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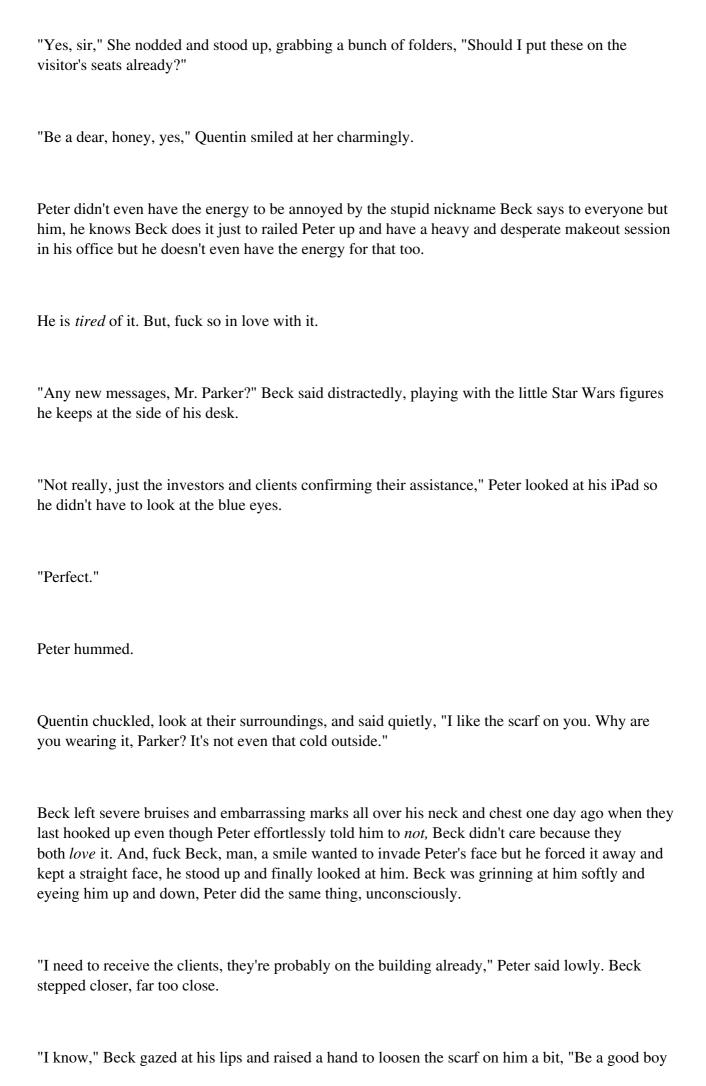
"Oh, my God," Liz snickered, "You're walking weird. *Again*. People won't fall for the 'I fell down on my bike' anymore if you keep showing up like this."

"Shut up," Peter rolled his eyes but smirked, dropping his things and coffee on his desk before flopping down carefully on the comfy chair Quentin gave them a few months ago chair.





Liz looked down, "I heard her and her friends speaking about it and I-I accidentally walked in Mr. Beck's office without knocking and found them making out on his desk—"
"Okay," Peter cut her off firmly, he took a shaky breath and forced out the biggest smile, he scoffed and waved his hand dismissively, "I already knew that. We're not exclusive."
Fuck, no, we aren't.
"Peter"
"It's okay, I don't care, Liz," Peter read an email without even taking it the words of understanding them. How could he?
Liz saw right through him but didn't comment on anything, he just reached over to squeeze Peter's arm and rub her thumb there in a comforting manner.
An unwanted, sneaky tear left Peter's left eye and he roughly wiped it off his red cheek. Liz grabbed Peter's hands.
"You deserve better, Pete."
Peter scoffed and wiped away another tear, "I can't believe his fucking her out of everybody in this fucking building —"
"Good morning, Mr. Allen," A familiar voice interrupted them, making them jump in their seats, Beck was walking by and looking at them with piercing blue eyes, he nodded at Peter and smiled easily handsomely, "Mr. Parker."
"Good morning, Mr. Beck," They both said simultaneously, though Liz's voice was more noticeable.
The man stopped by their desks, closer to Peter's, "Is everything ready for my meeting?"



and treat them nicely," He bumped Peter's chin with his fingers playfully.

And, Peter merely widened his eyes and turned around quickly to walk away at the same pace his heartbeat was going. He could clearly feel the blue eyes staring at him after he was gone, he wanted to cry and laugh at the same time, he wanted to fucking kiss the life out of Beck's mouth and bend over his chair but punch him in the face at the same time. He wanted to yell at Beck but stay quiet at the same time, he wants to fight and just give up without a single blink of an eye. He's just done. But still fighting for it, for *this*.

He stood beside Liz on the entrance of the meeting room as they received the gentleman with happy smiles and greetings, Beck walked in first a while ago and he discreetly brushed his hand on his ass, Liz wasn't looking and Peter poked it with his pen and gave his boss a deathly stare. Beck just chuckled and it angered Peter –Because he probably does this to Mary and the bunch of people he has fucked and is fucking.

Peter was trying to contain his cry for help and the redness in his face that comes when he's incredibly upset, not even his sweet, pretty smile was covering his true expressions.

Liz eyed him and whispered hurriedly, "Go to the bathroom to chill, you don't look well. I got it."

Peter shook his head, "No, Beck wants me to play the presentations and videos. You know how he gets with the meetings."

"I know and I can handle it, Pete."

"I know you can but I'm completely fine, Liz," He lied.

"Pete, you look close to a fucking breakdown. Go to the-"

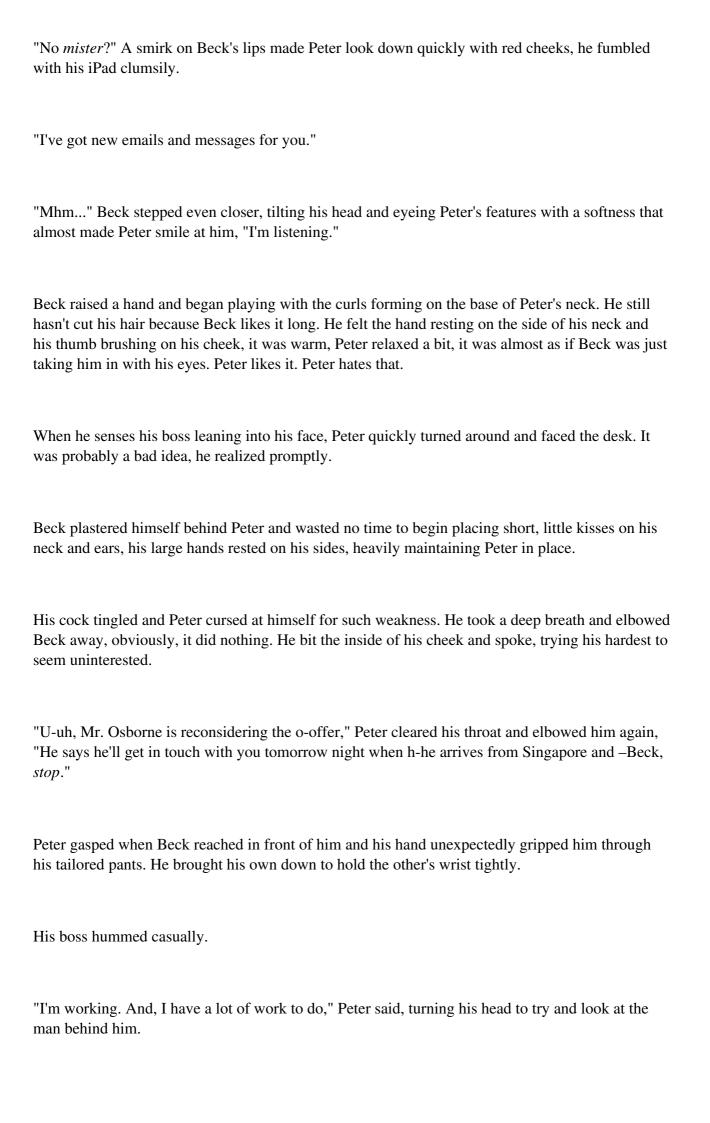
"I said I'm fine."

Liz sighed but quickly smiled at the last client entering the room, "Alrighty, whatever you say."

Peter thought their conversation was over but before they went in and started everything, Liz

grabbed his arm and made him look at her.
"Don't get hang up on him if he isn't getting hanged up on you," She muttered, "I'm just saying you should give Brad a chance, he came by and left you your favorite dessert for lunch, I wasn't supposed to tell you until later but I'm telling you now. <i>Wake up</i> , Peter."
Peter was left staring at the back of her head as he walked in and started the projector. He did take her favor and went to the bathroom to lock himself in a stall.
-
Wake up, Peter.
-
Peter knocked carefully on the thick wooden door of Beck's office, his iPad held loosely in his hand. He heard a loud permission to enter and he did just that, Liz stared at him and smiled as Peter turned around to close the door behind him. He looked around the wide room and at the large window letting the Empire State in plain, glorious sight. Beck was standing by the small bar he has in the corner and serving himself his usual drink that he pours himself around this hour in the morning; Beck used to serve himself alcohol all the time but Peter would always scold him and pout at him and make him a sugary tea in the kitchen to bring it to Beck. Peter was always insisting for him to drink tea instead.
Beck changed the habit a few months ago, for Peter.
"Hey there," Beck mumbled, smiling slightly at him, "Want a drink?"
Peter watched his boss pour himself a black tea in a large cup. He shook himself politely, "Thank you."
"Is Liz gone?"
"Yeah, she's off to get your lunch," Peter said, playing with a paperclip that he found on Beck's



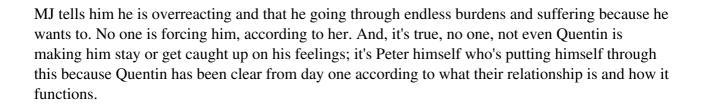






Beck didn't answer right away, his blue eyes shifted, thinking, he grimaced slightly and shrugged. Him nodding almost passed unnoticed but Peter always notices everything.
"Yeah."
He shouldn't be surprised. Peter knows this. No, he <i>isn't</i> surprised.
Don't fucking cry, don't fucking run away in a childish tantrum like you always do –Peter told himself warningly.
Peter doesn't know why he did it, perhaps it was his mere and pure impulses of possessiveness and frustration overpassing his limits because he grabbed Beck's face in a firm grip with his hands and almost knocked his forehead on Beck's harshly to kiss him a little too roughly and messy. Beck was seemingly confused for a moment, his hands raised in the air, before reciprocating with the same fervor and intensity, the things on his desk shook because he pushed Peter against it. He started undoing Peter's shirt and Peter let him, he started kissing down his neck and chest and Peter let him, Beck touched and groped his body irreverently and Peter let him.
He just blankly stared at the wall behind Beck without even noticing he was doing so. The scrape of beard and warm lips on his skin felt distantly cold. The wet sniff he let out passed as a pleased sound. Peter hugged Quentin's neck and tried to savor the moment like he always does.
But there's just something bugging his mind.
He wondered what could it be.
Beck smells so good and Peter hates himself because fuck –Peter does love him till his heart hurts.
-
Peter sometimes feels like he is going crazy.

Peter nodded slowly, taking a deep breath, "... Like we are?"



It's nothing but playful sex, friendship, and fun.

Peter knows that he perfectly does. But, he tends to hold onto that hope that Beck seems to deliver.

Because, to be honest, sometimes it looks like he is madly in love with Peter but then, the next day he goes and ditches Peter to be with someone else. As if they meant nothing and Peter meant nothing. Peter always loses his mind to anger when he finds out Beck was with someone else.

And Peter doesn't understand, confusion wrecks him because lately, he hasn't been able to hide his anger and annoyance at the non-exclusivity and Beck, instead of freaking out and telling Peter to get out of his ass like he usually would, he evidently feels bad and always finds a way to make it up to Peter.

As if he cared or regretted doing that to Peter.

As if he wanted Peter and just him.

Beck is the definition of uncertainty and compulsive actions that lead to indecisive choices – because some days it's a *yes* and some days it's a *no*. Sometimes he wants to and sometimes he doesn't, sometimes he calls Peter drunkenly in the middle of the night to tell him how much he wished they were something more and sometimes he completely ignores Peter.

It's giving Peter a severe case of whiplash.

And, maybe that can be true –that's the little hope keeping Peter awake at night.

But, he shouldn't hold onto that, anyway. MJ is right.

Peter is used to Beck fucking up constantly.

Because maybe he should move on and date someone else to forget his little affair with his boss. Maybe it will all be alright and Peter will finally stop worrying too much and having anxiety attacks.

He decided to finally answer to Brad texts and calls.

It's for the best, MJ and Liz said.

Chapter End Notes

I'm a hoe for comments let me know what you think of this chapter yayy

You think there's place for a happy ending?... I think there is ;)

Xo.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary	
Peter finally gave up.	
Or, so he thought.	
Chapter Notes	
Omg thank you so much for the sweet, lovely words you left in the last chapter :')	
I love reading your thoughts guys.	
I hope you enjoy this lengthy chapter!	
See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>	
Peter getting back together with Brad –no quite, but they're trying and giving themselves a shot–should be the best choice possible.	
They seem to never stop having sex now.	
They feel like teenagers again, when they were in highschool and Brad was upset that he wasn't to one taking Peter's virginity, and that lead to constant and inexperienced fucking that made Peter fall in love with him at the time. He remembers loving Brad so much that he couldn't stop thinking about him, he would smile when he would speak about him and he remembers all the dates and to sweet handmade gifts they would give eachother.	ng
Brad was too possessive of Peter, their relationship was a bit toxic because they were dating in secret.	
But Brad was Peter's first love and Brad loved Peter like crazy.	

Brad still loves Peter like crazy, he doesn't think he ever stopped loving Peter, maybe it weakened

a little but it's strong again.

Peter. Just. Doesn't. Know. He's trying to search for that same feeling. That nervous tingle in his belly, the one that makes him grin without him planning to, the lovely, dreamy feeling of thinking about someone and sighing breathlessly at the intensity of emotion inside his chest. But he just can't. He can't feel that completely. At least not with Brad. But, Peter's trying and he's forcing himself that he will love Brad as equally. Just in a matter of time, perhaps he will be crazily in love with Brad as he was before. And, Peter feels bad, he really does. Because, deep down he knows it's not true and will never be true. Something about this, his relationship with Beck, the sex, the dates, the fights and the heavily, intense and desperate make out sessions feel kind of good –maybe it was the fact that Peter could hold hands with Brad, hug him, hold him and kiss him without being worried about people being scandalized (at least they don't get scandalized as they would if the man Peter was kissing would be his boss, Quentin), maybe it just was that his boyfriend was proud to hold Peter, or maybe it just was that somebody could walk in on them fucking in a room and it wouldn't cause a revolution like it would with Beck. Because Peter is the secretary and Beck is his boss. He and Brad don't need to hide, their relationship isn't forbidden, their love isn't toxic (at least not so much), and they don't know remorse within eachother.

Still... Peter wasn't sure he felt fulfilled.





Peter sighed and flushed bright red with pleasure.

All while enjoying his body moving while getting fucked as he vaguely listened to Brad telling how hot and sexy he thought Peter was, telling him how much he loved him and how much he harness him.

Peter would have felt numb if it wasn't for that picture staring back at him.

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Beck had to leave the city for an unexpected inconvenience in Japan from some investors that required his presence.

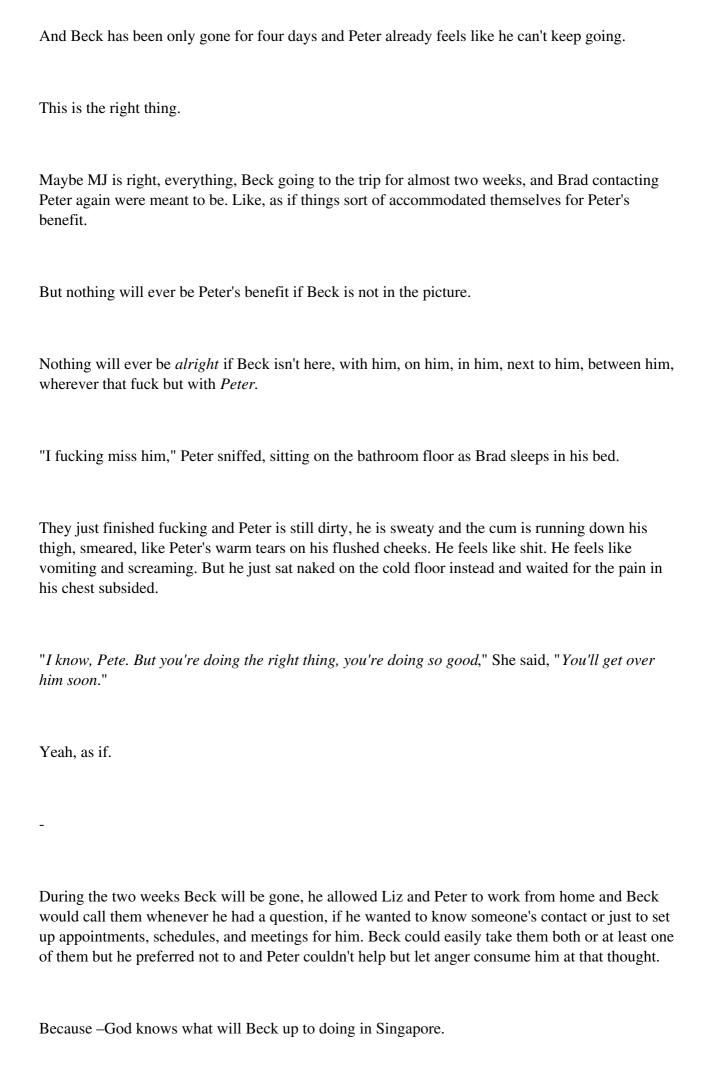
And –Peter couldn't be more glad and afflicted at the same time.

Why? Because without Beck consuming presence and attention, Peter was going to be able to let go and think things over, to kind of enter a personal rehab for the addiction that is Quentin. He was getting railed up and overwhelmed with everything going with Quentin, every day is cardiac when Quentin is around. Peter needs some time apart from the man, he needs to retake his right moral and ends things with him, to let their infatuating and devastating adventure behind and it's time for Peter to grow up and choose right for himself. Because apparently, Quentin isn't.

But, fuck, Peter misses Beck already.

He misses the cheerful morning greetings, the discreet stares, the sneaky touches, the breathless kisses that they would exchange in the comfort of Beck's office, and the hasty fucking around during work hours. He misses the most, their conversations, and the way they could spend hours talking about nothing and everything at the same time. Beck always makes Peter get all red when they talk because he looks at him with these intense blue eyes, orbs shifting carefully and fondly, eating Peter face up sweetly as his fingers keep brushing back Peter's hair. Because Peter knows Beck is the only one who understands him fully and he hates it has to be that way.

He hates that he has to feel this way and cry himself to sleep every night, holding his chest with his hand because it just fucking *hurts*.



Still, he hasn't ever taken Peter to a business trip, like, ever. Just Liz, and rightfully so, because she is the personal assistant and Peter is just the secretary who receives calls, contacts people and set up appointments and dates for his boss.

Peter sometimes doesn't even take his own job seriously but Beck always remarks how important he is to the company - and to *him* -, he's probably just trying to make Peter feel good.

So, this time off that he has, he's used it to eat healthier, exercise, swim in Brad's pool, read the books that he's been postponing since months ago (because Beck was distracting enough) and answer at whatever ungodly hour Beck calls to require Peter's service. Time difference sucks and Beck is just imprudent like that. Though, doing this is Peter's job he doesn't like to be woken up to at 4 in the morning to search for a client's contact or remind Beck of a meeting but... Hearing the older man's voice on the phone, tired and bright makes it all better.

Peter wished he could stay up talking with him.

But Beck apparently has been too busy and preoccupied with the Singapore issue because he and Peter have barely talked about anything other than work-related, let alone texting, Beck just sometimes texts him a sweet morning greeting like as if he would in person. But they haven't had a heart to heart, silly, dirty, funny, whatever conversation whatsoever.

And, Peter's dying.

But the bright side is: not talking to him is helping Peter detoxify himself from Quentin Beck.

Brad was great and Peter was feeling slightly better, more content, he was going to parties again, going skating and doing things with someone almost his own age because he was used to hanging out and doing things with Beck who's 36 years old –but fuck isn't that a guilty turn on to Peter?

Everything was going well.

Everything was settling into place slowly.

Until Beck called.

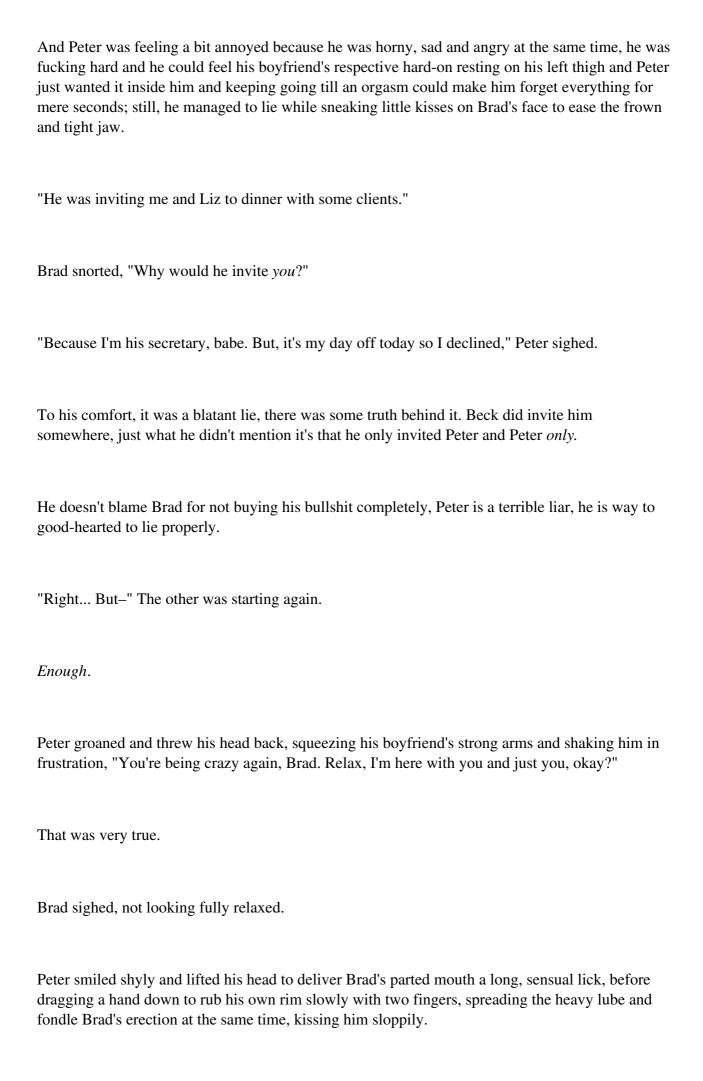


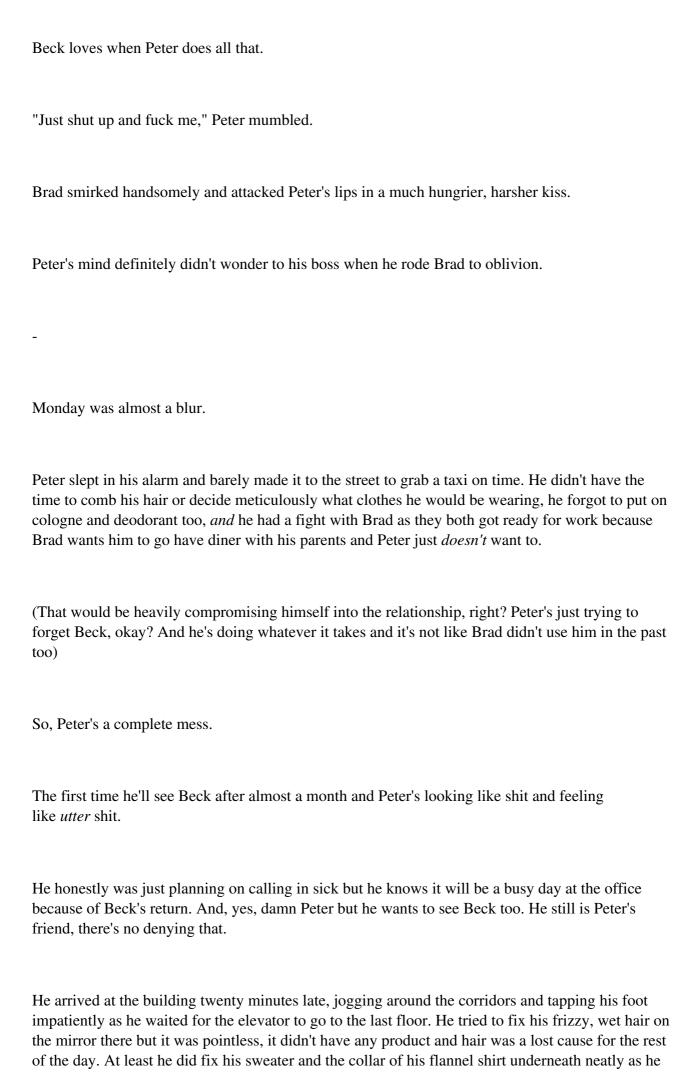














Peter hushed her shortly and knocked on the door softly. He didn't enter till he was told to, just in case. He heard the familiar voice saying 'come in!' and Peter cautiously opened the big wooden door and stepped in.

He instantly saw Beck – oh, Beck – looking outside the large window that worked as a wall, New York's city lights, buildings, and grey sky was the mere perfect sight; Beck has his hands on the pockets of his trousers and he is standing there, so effortlessly and fucking beautifully. Peter felt infatuated. His dress shirt is rolled up to his elbows and his tie is loosely done. Beck sucks at tying his tie, Peter always fixes it for him. Peter stood by the entry, just looking and fucking *looking*.

Because that's all he'll be able to do from now on. Just look and leave the burdening desires to himself.

Beck twisted his head when the door clicked shut and a smile appeared on his face as soon as he saw it was Peter; he fixed his brown hair to the side messily and eyed Peter up and down discreetly at the same time.

But Peter noticed. He always does.

"Hey," The man said casually.

"Hi," Peter breathed out, "I'm so sorry I'm late. I didn't hear my alarm and there was a lot of traffic and I couldn't —"

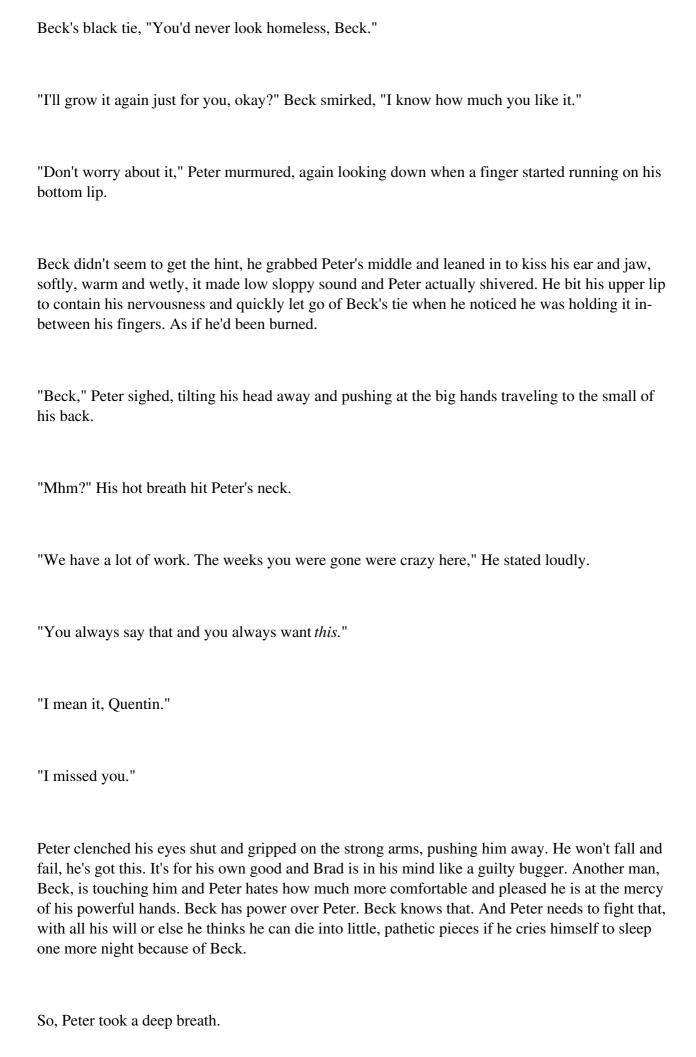
"Peter," Beck cut him off promptly, chuckling, "It's okay."

The boy nodded and breathed a sigh of relief, he then gave his boss a polite, shy smile and said again and stupidly, "Hi."

Quentin's smile didn't fade, "I try texting you and calling you, I was worried."

"I forgot my phone," Peter rolled his eyes at himself and started walking towards the desk.







But-
"No," Peter said a tad too loudly, finally pushing him away completely and stepping away, he fixed his clothes and sighed, "Beck, I have to work."
Beck just stared at him with a confused expression as Peter sat down on the chair in front of the desk and turned on his iPad to distract himself but, he looked up when Beck didn't move, he was looking at Peter as if he was a foreign being from this world, mixed with preoccupation.
Peter sighed again, "Sorry, B."
The man nodded and sighed too, he raised his eyebrows and walked slowly to his side of the desk he sat down on the black leather chair heavily and leaned back effortlessly, still eyeing Peter, he grabbed a pen and started playing with it before throwing it quite carelessly on the wood.
"What?" Peter asked, not being able to ignore that action and the heavy gaze on him.
"Woke up on the wrong side of the bed?" Beck's question was filled with evident annoyance.
"I'm just tired," Peter said in the same tone.
He really is. He is tired of everything.
-
Peter wants to cry.
Oh, he just wants to cry.
He locked himself in a hathroom stall and did just that

Beck did notice Peter's evident distancing towards him.
But just after maybe two or three days.
After Peter succumbed for a short moment of sinful weakness that made his mind fuzzy when it was late at night, he and Beck were working on some important contracts and papers, when nobody was left on the floor but a few people and when Beck pushed him against the closed fridge when they were taking a snack break. Peter was too weak and too fucking needy. He did allow Beck to touch him like he hasn't been allowing since he arrived.
They made out heatedly and loudly, groping each other and rubbing against each other, like hungry animals from a forgotten zoo, Peter bit on Beck's lip and licked them sloppily, Beck spit into his mouth and kissed him right after, Peter swallowed everything given greedily. They acted like madmen, bewitched, intoxicated, and possessed by the mere fact of being so long and at the same time so little apart from each other.
It felt so good.
It felt right.
Doing that with his boss, with Beck, with his love, his muse. It felt like the right destiny.
Peter, <i>oh</i> , so deeply wanted to get fucked like a fucking thousand dollar whore right there against the office's kitchen counter and be watched by everybody, so they could see who the fuck was longing after Peter, no one but their boss, Mr. Quentin Beck.
Peter indulge for a bit.
Beck savored for a bit.

Until Peter pushed him away fastly and said some lame, stuttering sentence to excuse himself out of the room.

Out of his life. If Peter just could, he would.

He lost control for a moment and it felt so good. Peter even wondered if he should just say fuck it and settle for whatever Beck wants to give him because Peter is only truly and madly happy when he is with him.

He is set complete and shattered into pieces at the same time.

Peter couldn't make up his mind, he was hurting and he ended up ignoring the several calls and texts interrupting his phone that Beck made.

Not even that bleary night made some rational sense into Beck's mind about Peter's new intentions and resolutions. He just thought Peter was acting weird because of spoiled stress. He never thought Peter wanted to end things with him for good and just fucking *-stop*.

It hurts Peter deep in his heart things need to be done like this, but he's said that already.

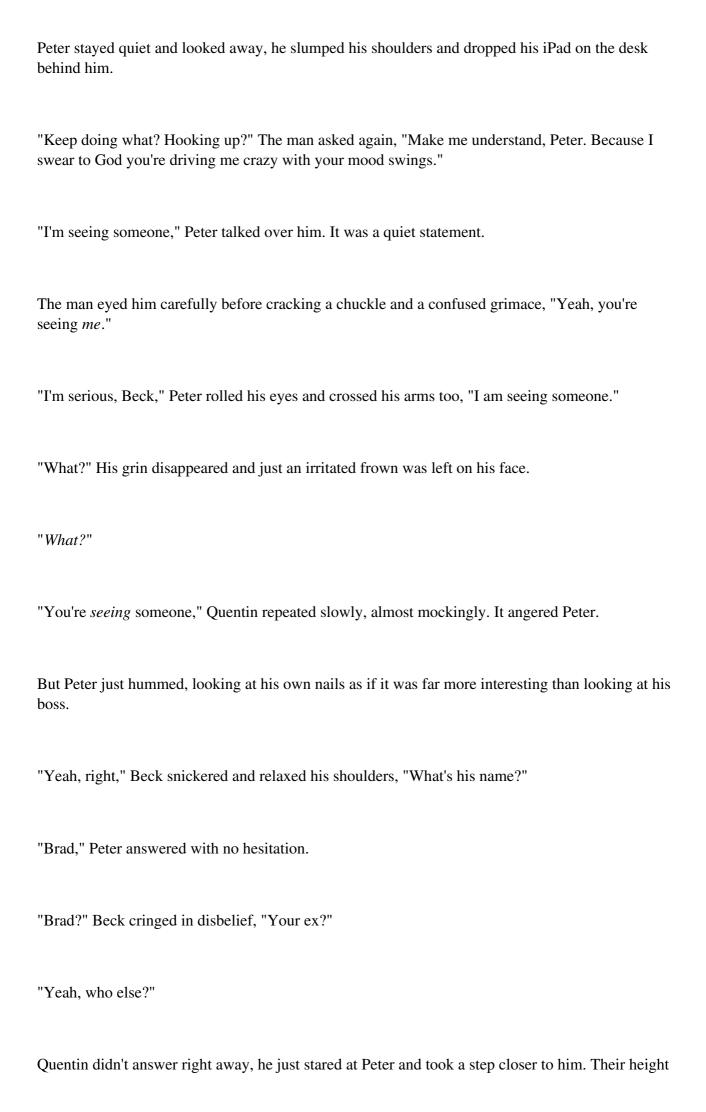
And Peter hates the way Beck had to find out. He hates the disrespectful, long conversation they had and the way things were left.

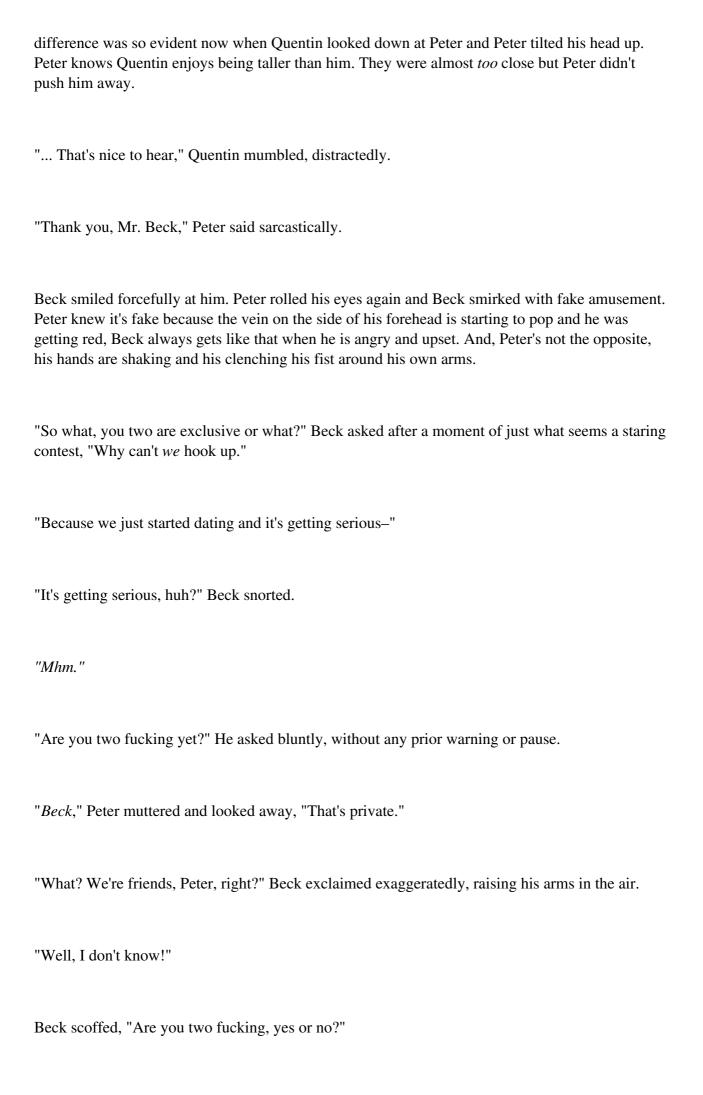
Because, shit, the toxicity of them both was filled to the brim and he would have never guessed he'll be meeting Quentin's bad side in this way.

Peter had been helping Beck with organizing paperwork and giving him incoming messages, the Singapore deal was still being a problem for the company and Beck was feeling overwhelmed so Peter decided to help with something that was out of his work duties and responsibilities. Because, he was nice and Beck was still his friend.

But Beck had been very relented and insisting since Peter's being rejecting him. Beck held both sides of Peter's neck and began rubbing his thumbs there softly when Peter got distracted with reading something on the tablet, Quentin stood in front of him, where Peter's leaning on the big desk.

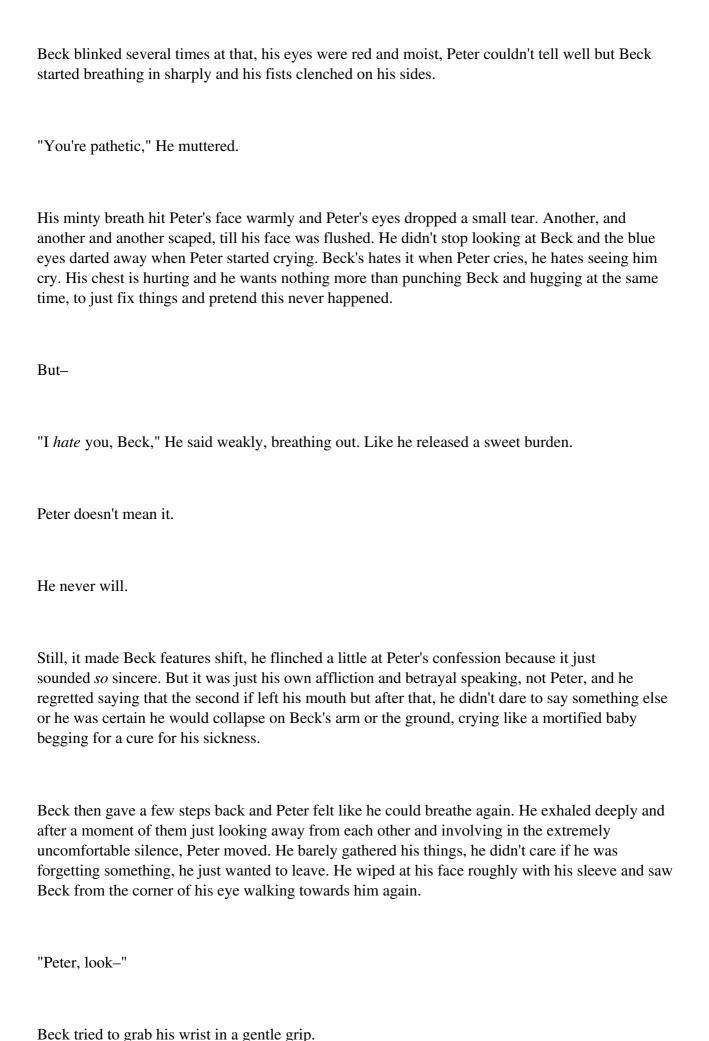


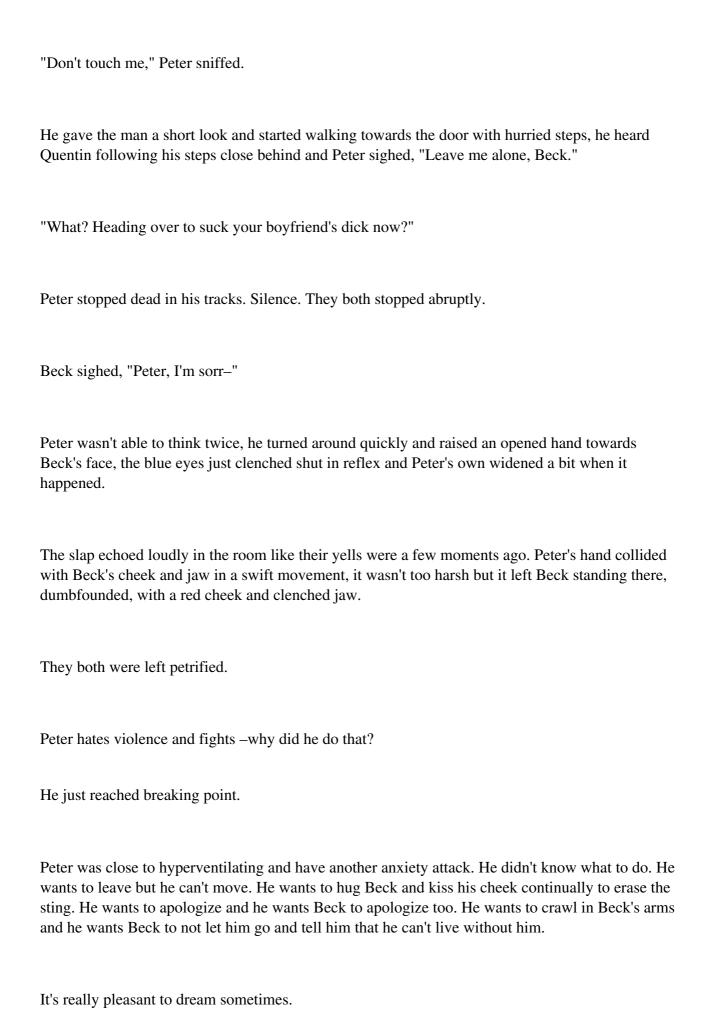












Peter only had to take one look at the blue eyes shining sad and the careful hand reaching for him before Peter erupted in silent cries and turned around clumsily to finally leave the room.

Beck called for him again and tried to grab him.

"Peter..." The man started quiet and soft as if he had a lump in his throat.

But, Peter was already gone.

Chapter End Notes

Woahhhh hold up don't get mad, I know this chapter was kinda dark and sort of miserable for Peter but don't hate me! Spoiler alert: the ending won't be as miserable at all;)

Also, I prolonged this up to another chapter yayyyy. I'm having way too much fun writing this and, hey, the response this fic has gotten and the lovely comments and support are heart-warming and I just love you:) it just made me keep writing and writing until I ended up with a super long chapter and had to part it in two.

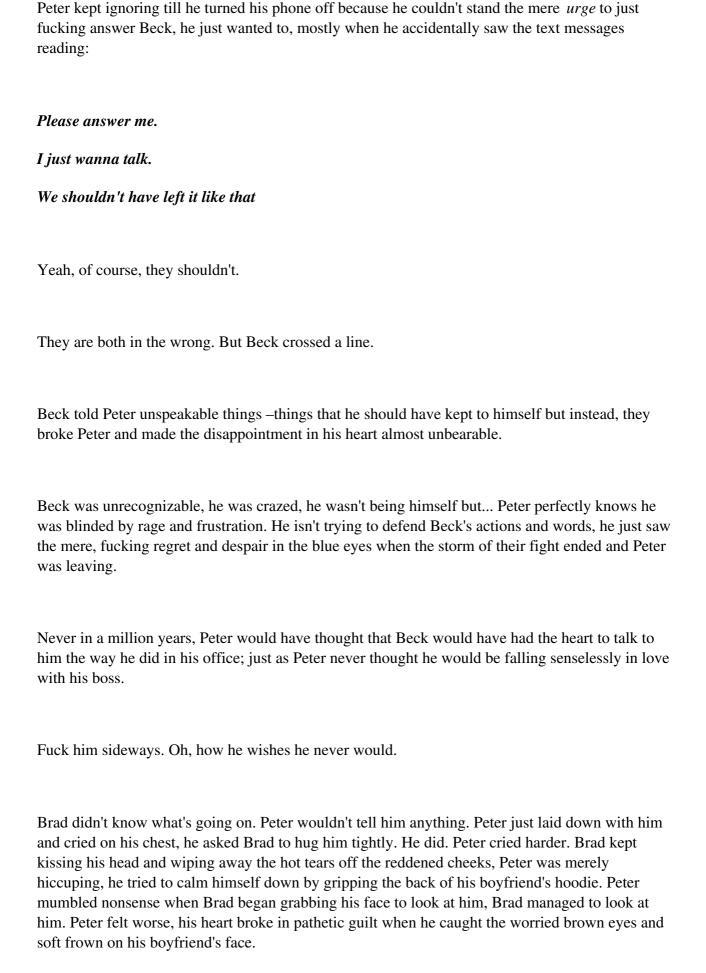
I really hope you enjoyed this chapter and the little piece of my heart and enormous joy I put into writing it.

Leave your thoughts about the chapter! I'm a hoe for comments :p ♥

Chapter 4

	Chapter 4
Chapter St	ummary
P	eter finally confesses to Beck.
Chapter N	otes
	hank you so much for the lovely comments and encouragement from last chapter; nat pushed me to keep the inspiration going to finish this story.
Y	ou're literally the best:) •
I	hope you enjoy this chapter!
A	lso, will this accidentally turn into a fic with more than three chapters? Maybe xD
I	just don't seem to ever stop writing and thinking about this fic so yayy I guess?
See the end of	of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>
Peter ha	s been refusing Quentin's calls and texts.
He didn	't even care that he could be fired.
Beck co	ould easily do that.
For fuck	x sake –Peter <i>slapped</i> and yelled at his boss.
	, he thinks they're way past the boss/employee relationship because they definitely do tore than a relationship of sorts is supposed to do.
And, Pe	ter was expecting human resources' call giving the bad news but it never came.

Quentin kept calling.



The one Peter should be thinking about all the time, the one he should be praising and adoring like a fool, the one he should be thinking about the future and just *them*.

But, here Peter is —not being able to erase the essence and shadow of Beck invading his mind like a bug plague, he cannot stop thinking about the wide hands, dark hair, and blue eyes. Not even when his own boyfriend is holding him so sweetly and giving him delicate kisses as if he was a daisy blooming.

Beck can only make him feel like a daisy in the springtime, blooming, and growing to the sky till he is dried out by winter and left alone to forget.

That's Peter.

What kind of fuckery is this?

"I'm sorry."

"Please, tell me what's going on," Brad mumbled against his forehead. Desperate, saddened.

"I just had a bad day at work," Peter whispered with evident struggle.

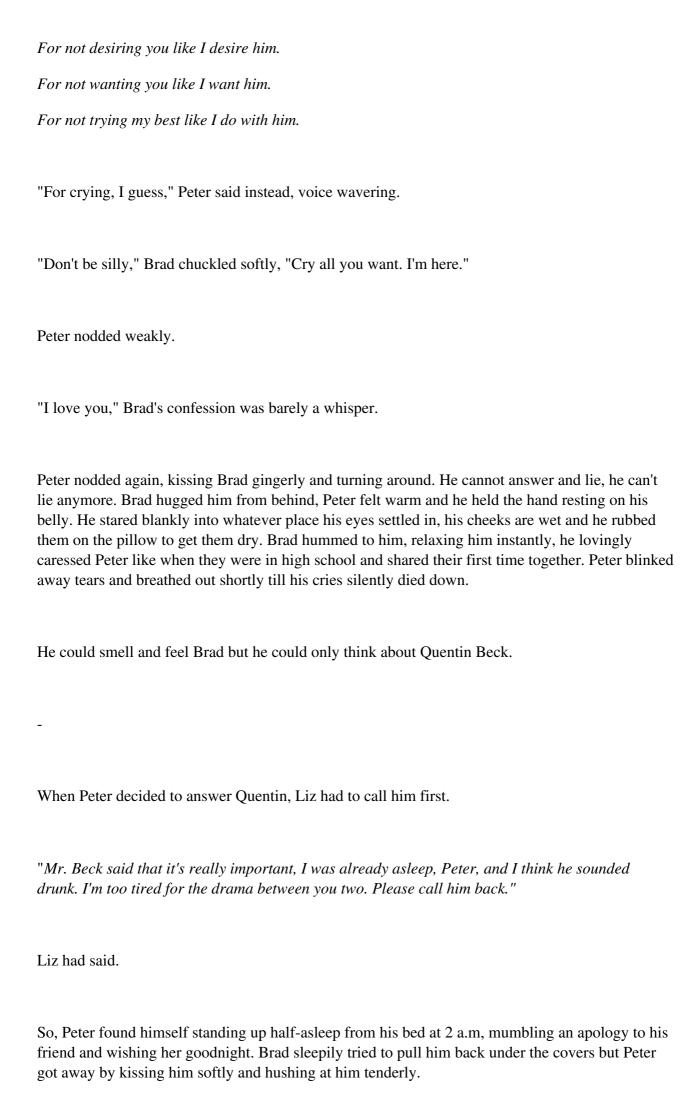
That wasn't a lie. It was far from it being a lie.

"I'm sorry, Brad," He said again, hugging the other even tighter, clinging to him and sobbing against his neck, wetting it and kissing it distractedly, he began mumbling a restless, quiet mantra of 'I'm sorry'.

"Why are you sorry for, baby?" Brad asked confusedly.

For not being in love with you.

For not loving you like I love him.



He grabbed himself a glass of water and sat on one of the benches by his small kitchen table. He opened his texts and found under Beck's contact approximately fifteen messages and thirteen missed calls; Peter sighed and readied himself, he didn't read them, he didn't want to feel worse for ignoring Beck, he didn't want to forget and forgive so easily, because he knows he would, he knows his own big, naive heart and he knows how eloquent it is for him to just not keep ugly resentment.

Peter decided to get straight to the point.

What do you want?

He texted and he was just in the middle of taking small gulps of his water before not even a minute passed and his phone was buzzing in his hand. Peter delivered another sigh and let his forehead rest down on his palm as he brought his cellphone to his ear.

"Yes?" His voice came out strained, from sleep maybe, from crying perhaps.

His heart beats fast. It went crazier when he heard the familiar voice. It sounded rough and exhausted.

"Fuck," Beck murmured, breathing out, sounding relieved, "I've been calling you all day."

Peter didn't answer.

"Are you okay?"

Peter scoffed, "No. Are you?"

"Of course not," Beck said quietly, he slurred out the words.

A little silence invaded them promptly. Peter just heard Beck's breathing and another sound that Peter couldn't tell what it was.



Beck just sounds so inebriated and Peter wants to go there and get drunk with him and make love afterward, or just be there to take care of Beck and stop him from committing stupid shit or drinking too much. Beck can be reckless and Peter can be too, so he better just hold back from grabbing a cab and knocking on Beck's apartment door to kiss him down to the ground and forget everything that happened.

That seems so dreamily nice. It can't happen, it's impossible. Peter will never be okay. Not if Beck isn't around. He guesses, he will need to learn how to do just fine without Beck.

"Peter, please don't ignore me," The man said with frustration, "Can we talk?"

Peter sat back down, "Is it work-related?"

Beck sighed, "No."

"Then, no. We can't talk," He said shortly, sharply. Because his throat was closing and his eyes were stinging with betraying warm tears.

"Hey, hey, Peter-" Beck rapidly said but the other interrupted him.

"I'm tired, Beck. It's almost three in the morning."

"I'm tired too, believe me, but-"

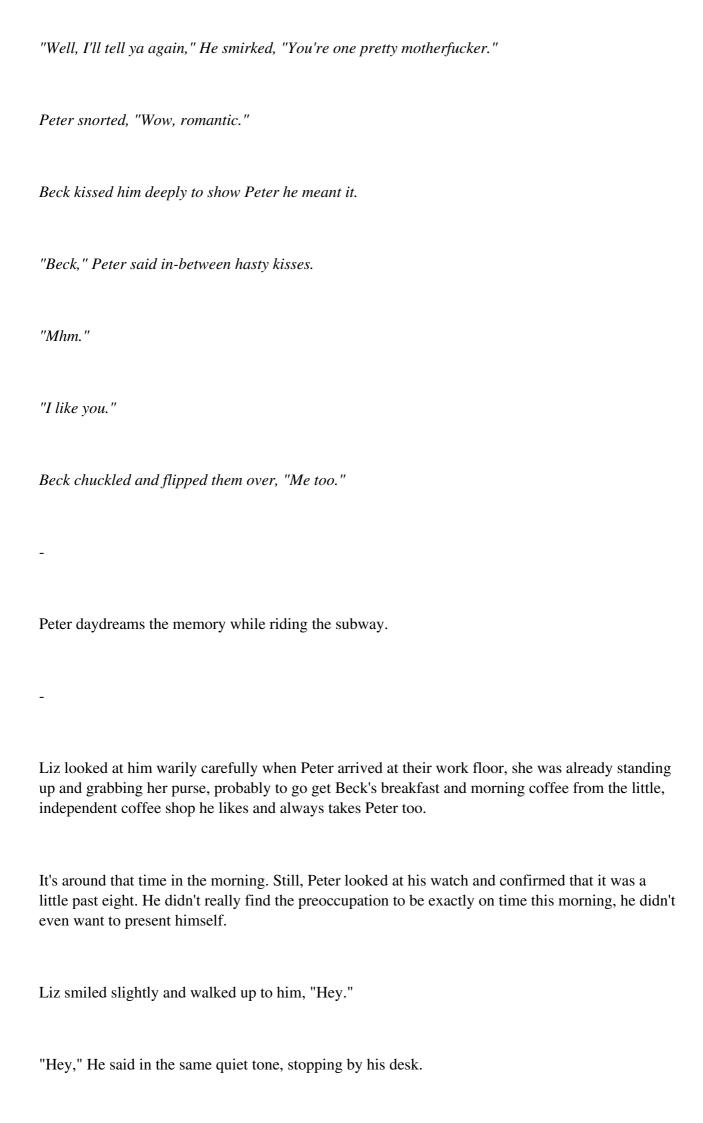
"I really don't wanna talk right now," Peter said weakly. It shut Beck up, "Please."

Beck cleared his throat, "I just wanted to tell you I'm sorry."

They fell quiet after that, Peter rested his forehead on the kitchen table and shook his head. He gripped his phone tightly.

"Bye, Beck."

"Have I told how pretty you are?"
Peter rolled his eyes with a small smile invading his lips, "Yes."
"Really?" There was fake surprise in the other's voice. He didn't stop playing with the wet curls in the back of Peter's neck.
Peter hummed, hiding the silly grin on his face by turning on his stomach, "You always tell me that after I just finished sucking your dick."
"That shit's not true!" Quentin pushed Peter's face against the pillow playfully, drowning the laugh Peter gave instantly, "I always tell you you're fucking pretty Does the fact of you going down on me influence the thought even more? —maybe."
Peter rolled his eyes again and he swiftly got on top of Beck, just to lay down on his body and get the warm of it, Beck pulled the blanket over them. He is smiling at Peter with lazy eyes and lips.
"I can still taste your cum," Peter said, giggling and leaning down to kiss the other's mouth with his tongue darting out.
"Oh, God," Beck laughed and grimaced miserably, but let Peter keep kissing all over his mouth and face.
"I like it when you call me that," He mumbled.
"Pretty?" Beck's hands fondled Peter's sides.
"Mhm."





Peter grabbed the box of macaroons and the man's bracelet on top of its box, Peter merely widened his eyes when he saw from what brand it was. Peter grabbed it in his fingers and saw the little bright charm taking shape of the letter P, swinging and hanging elegantly. Peter gulped and carefully lowered the bracelet to his lap playing and staring at it.
It was gorgeous.
Manly, soft and beautiful at the same time. It was Peter's style, simple and discreet.
Peter loved it. And he hated it all the same –Because Beck perfectly knows him and what he likes and he is always giving Peter these little expensive, amazing gifts when he fucks up or feels bad about something.
And Peter always falls for it and let it go.
And, <i>oh</i> , how he wanted to just do that right now. It would be so much easier to give in, it would be easier than to try and stay angry, to draw himself away from Beck.
How Peter wanted to put on the bracelet on his wrist and let Beck hold it above his head as he makes love to him, how Peter wanted to just forget and eat the macaroons off Beck's body and kiss him sweetly after.
But
No.
This gets harder every passing day.
Still, Peter isn't relenting. He won't succumb. Not this time.

there -it was too personal. This was too personal. It's something only Peter and Beck share and

know about.

After rubbing his face and hanging his head low while delivering deep breaths to calm himself down, he put the bracelet in its box and stood up abruptly, dropping his favorite dessert on the desk and walking decidedly towards Beck's office but not before turning around clumsily and grabbing his iPad, a few paper sheets he needed to deliver and something from his second drawer where he keeps essentials, he pocketed the small thing and headed away.

He forced himself to not fume angrily because –does that gorgeous, ridiculously tall, ripped, handsome, big dicked <i>asshole</i> thinks he's gonna fix everything with a gold bracelet and a fucking French dessert?
Absolutely not.
Peter isn't that type of guy.
At least not right now.
He'd accept that in the past but he's changed.
Two short knocks were delivered carefully by his hand and <i>-fuck</i> his stomach, man. It flipped with nervous excitement at just hearing Quentin Beck's voice giving permission to enter.
Peter did enter and shut the door behind himself quietly, being mindful to balance the box and iPad on one arm.
And-
Beck was there.
Elegant as ever, standing by his desk, moving things around as if he was organizing his stuff; he stopped, though, as soon as he saw it was Peter standing in his office.

"Peter."

He blinked slowly and inspected Peter, not in the cocky, playful way he always does, no, Quentin looked worried, he looked upset. His hair was neatly done, his tie was loose enough to still look decent, his suit is a perfect fit and the black blazer just looks so good with the black turtle neck Beck's porting.

Liz is right. Beck doesn't look well. He looks exhausted and hangover, he has dark circles under his eyes and Peter knows he didn't get a shut-eye during the whole night. Beck sometimes does that and whenever he can't sleep he always calls Peter because he says his voice soothes him, that his talk relaxes him.

But this time, Peter wasn't there to answer his calls after they finished that short conversation in the a.m.

Even if Beck is wearing expensive clothing, a well-done haircut, a clean five o'clock shadow, and a nice pair of shoes –Peter can see through him. He always does. Just like Beck can see through him too.

Beck is affected, just like Peter. Affected by their fight, disagreements, and ugly words thrown around. Beck is affected, he is sad, he is upset.

And Peter couldn't help but feel glad about it.

The man sighed and watched Peter walked over. Peter tried to keep looking at the intense way the blue eyes were staring at him but he couldn't. He looked at his shoes as he took slow steps.

"Good morning," He cleared his throat, coming to a stop in front of the large desk.

"Morning," Beck mumbled.

Before an uncomfortable silence could invade them, Peter raised his head and straightened his back bravely to turn on his iPad and drop the papers on his boss' desk.

"You don't have new messages or phone calls yet-"







The Christmas lights would blink on and off, illuminating the small break room and their tilting faces, it was cold and it was snowing outside too, the proximity of their bodies brought them enough warmth.
This is like the fifth time ever they sneak out to make out in a discreet place around the building that isn't Beck's car in the parking lot.
"Hi," Beck breathed against him, tongue darting out to lick warm his own lips before going back to kiss Peter passionately.
"Hi," Peter smiled into him, melting when Beck's hands held each side of his neck and his thumb caressed the soft skin there.
"Couldn't resist this, sorry," He mumbled, pushing Peter against the glass door even more.
"We should probably get back to the party, even if the Christmas music is driving me crazy," Peter reasoned but he didn't make a move to separate, instead he pulled at the collar of Quentin's dress shirt, bringing him down to his level to start nibbling and pecking sloppily at his sharp jaw.
Quentin shrugged, "Company's parties always suck."
"I think people will start looking for you here soon, you're supposed to be greeting the guests, oh my God," He giggled.
"Probably," The man snickered and rounded Peter's hips easily with his arms, almost carrying him in the air, Peter had to stand on his tiptoes.
"I rather be here with you, though."
"You're a player, Mr. Beck," Peter whispered playfully.

"Wanna get out of here, Mr. Parker?"

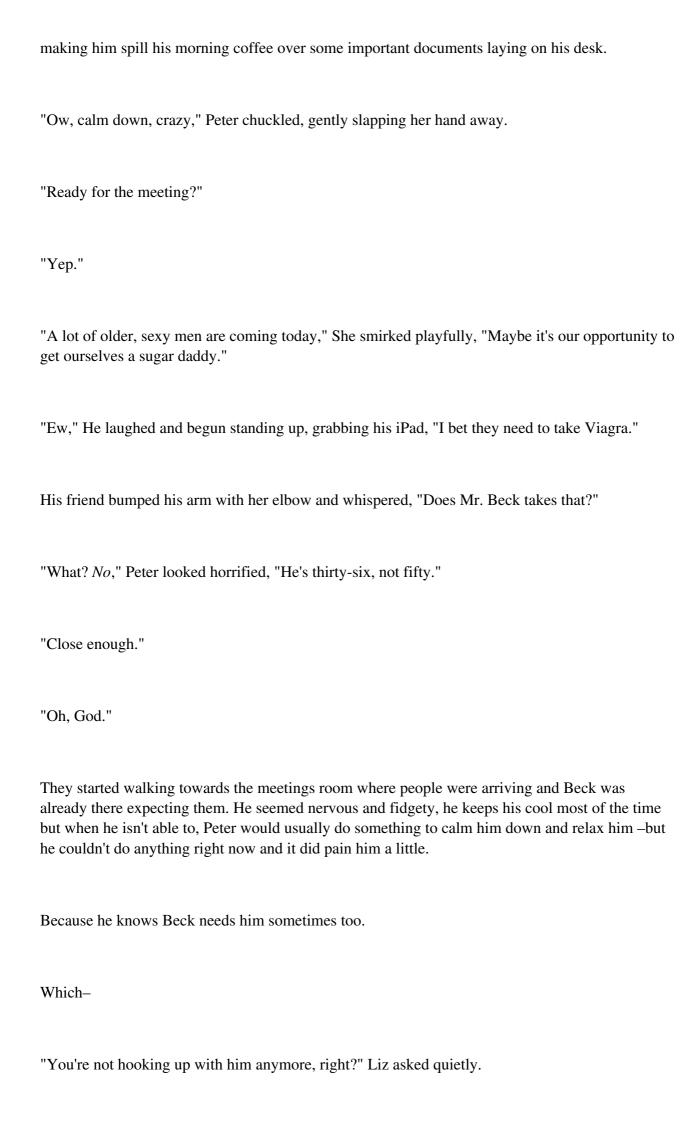
"Mhm," He licked Beck's parted lips slowly. Beck did the same to him before pulling away to stare at him with a sly grin; he ran his palm on Peter's cheek and he gave the thin lips the slowest and longest peck before going back to stare at Peter with dreamy eyes. "What?" Peter blushed. "Nothing, I just can't get enough of ya." Soon, Beck was leaving the party early than expected just because he wanted to be with Peter. Peter remembered that before falling asleep next to Brad. Peter arrived on time this day, he was trying to get his shit together so he figured leaving early for work was a good start. Beck did arrive a little late, which was odd considering he's been getting to work early than what he used too. Now, Beck is already in his office by the time Liz and Peter arrive. Peter knows that's happening since issues started appearing between them. But, this morning, Beck looked tired, he was grumpy and barely mumbled a good morning to them, though he gave Peter a tight, small smile; Peter reciprocated awkwardly.

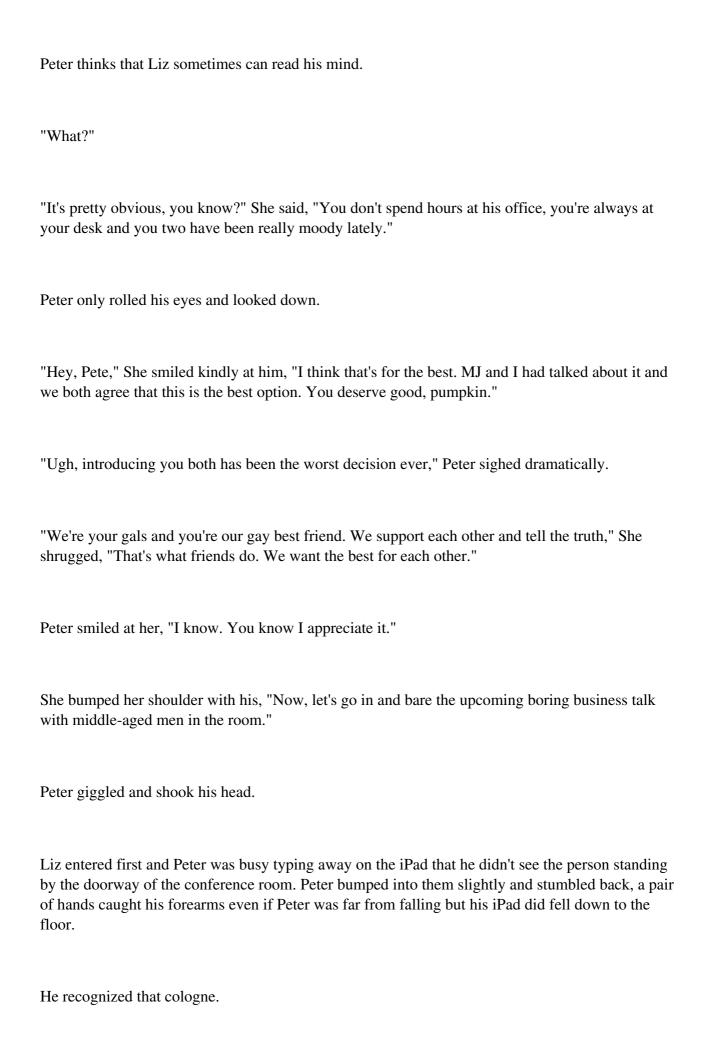
There are so many things left to say, so many words to be spoken and many more apologizes to be made. It's like a little bug inside Peter's brain isn't letting him rest since he and Beck fought. Yes,

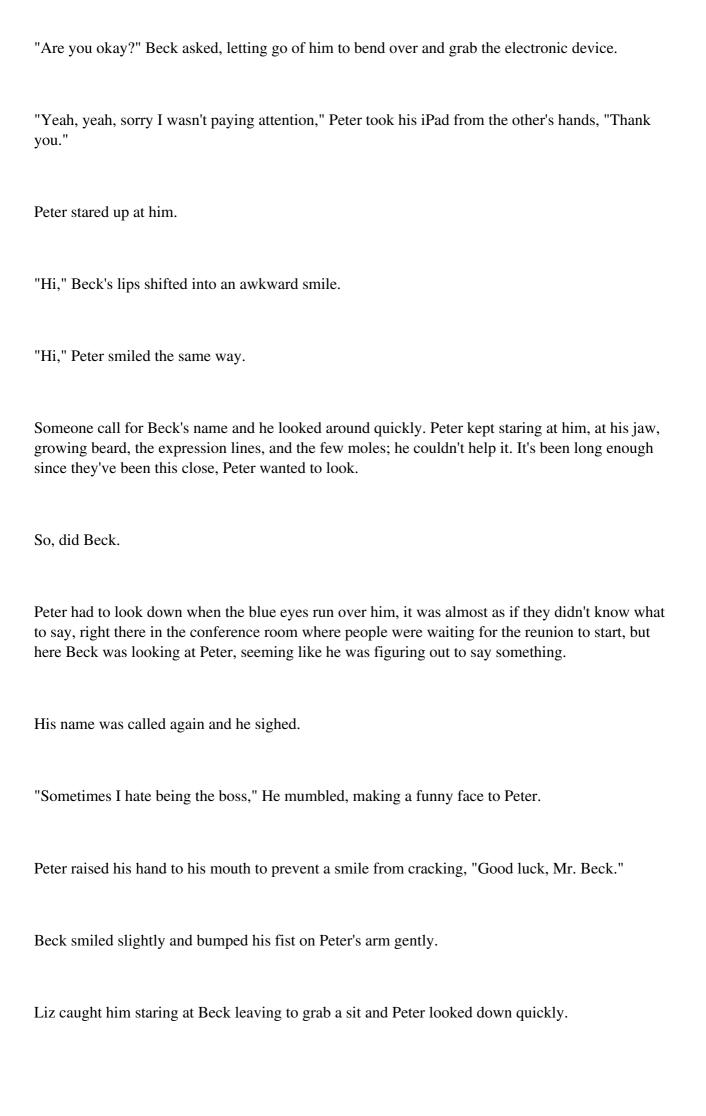
It's been almost a week - if not more than a week already, Peter had lost count- and Beck and Peter

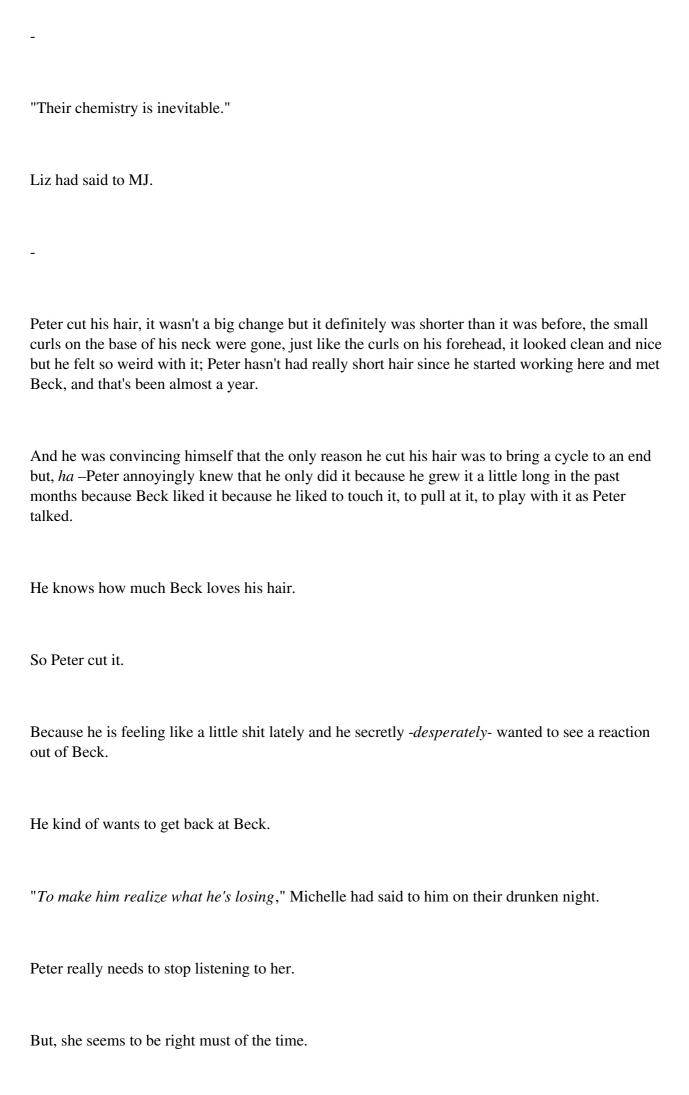
haven't properly talk. They just exchange sentences regarding work.

he'll fall down the rabbit hole of <i>fooling around</i> , how Beck likes to call their 'thing' but the main reason they haven't had the opportunity to have a sit-down talk is that things have been really hasty and busy at the company with the new investor Beck obtained.
So, Beck has kept himself extremely occupied lately, it all seemed like a big, ridiculous paradox where their relationship <i>wasn't</i> just meant to be and succeed.
Peter didn't know if he should be glad or not.
Fuck it, he just misses Beck so much.
He misses their lunches together, their dates, the movie nights, the walks into Coney Island, the sneaking out to Beck's car because they just couldn't keep away from each other, he just misses their long conversation talking about every irrational and logical subject they could come up with, he misses falling asleep together, he misses fucking passionately and kissing each other till they ran out of air –he just misses Beck and what makes him Beck.
Now, Peter is only left with the thought of Beck.
Because, he is just realizing now and coming to the unfortunate conclusion that no one and he means <i>no one</i> , will ever substitute Beck, no one will be Beck or get close to how fucking intense Peter's emotions are around him.
And, Peter guesses, he will have to deal with that till this hurtful, passionate feeling inside him dies down a little.
Quentin Beck.
His answer and perdition all the same.
"Hellooo, earth to Peter?"
Peter got pulled away from deep thought when a hand shook his shoulder exaggeratedly, almost

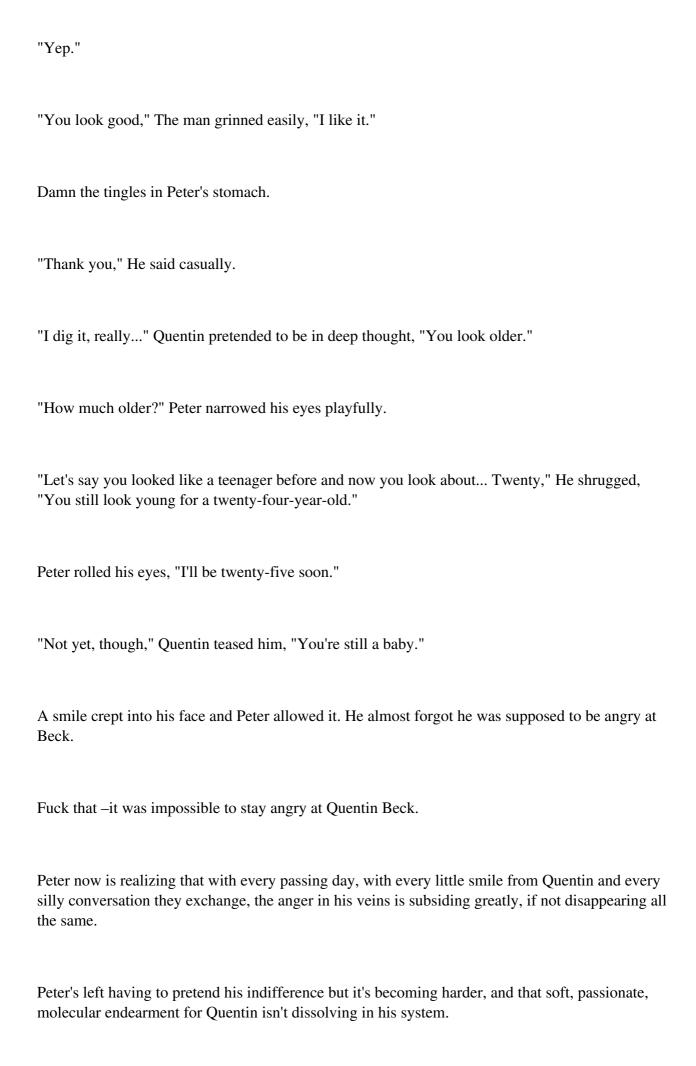


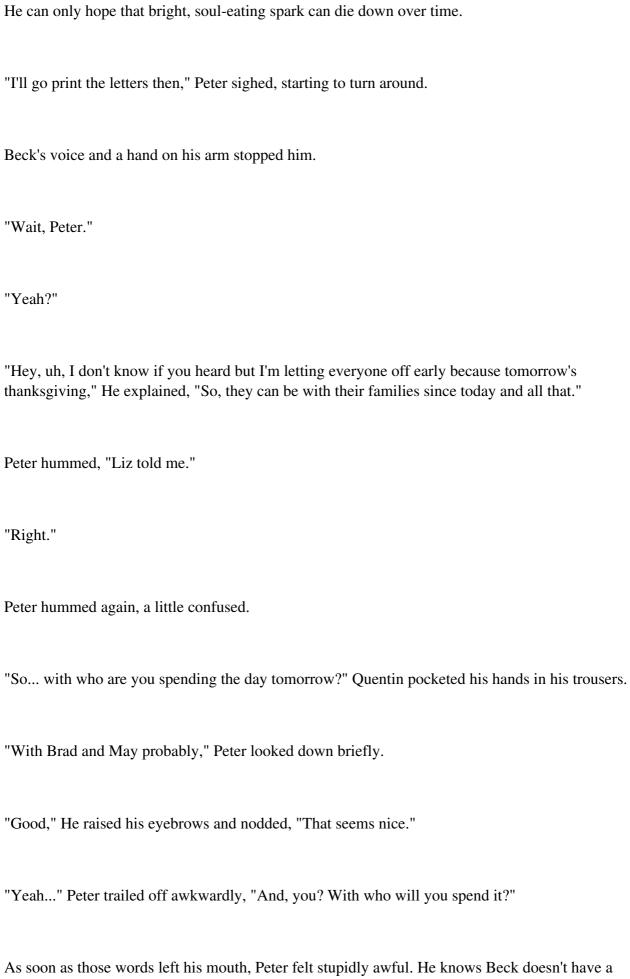








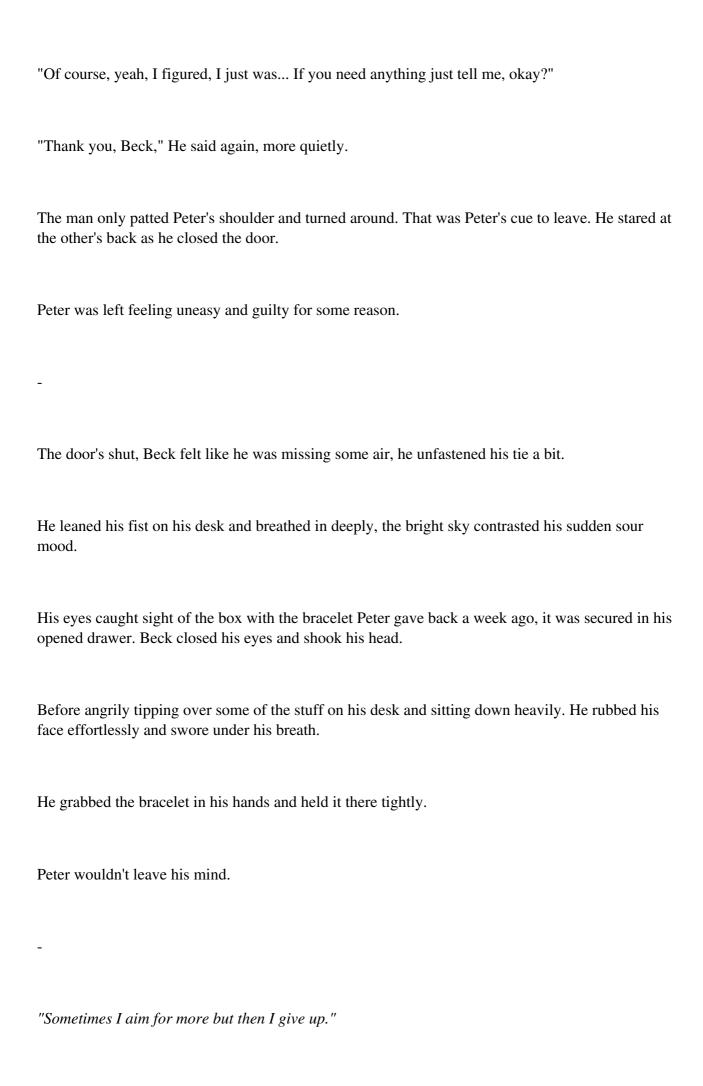


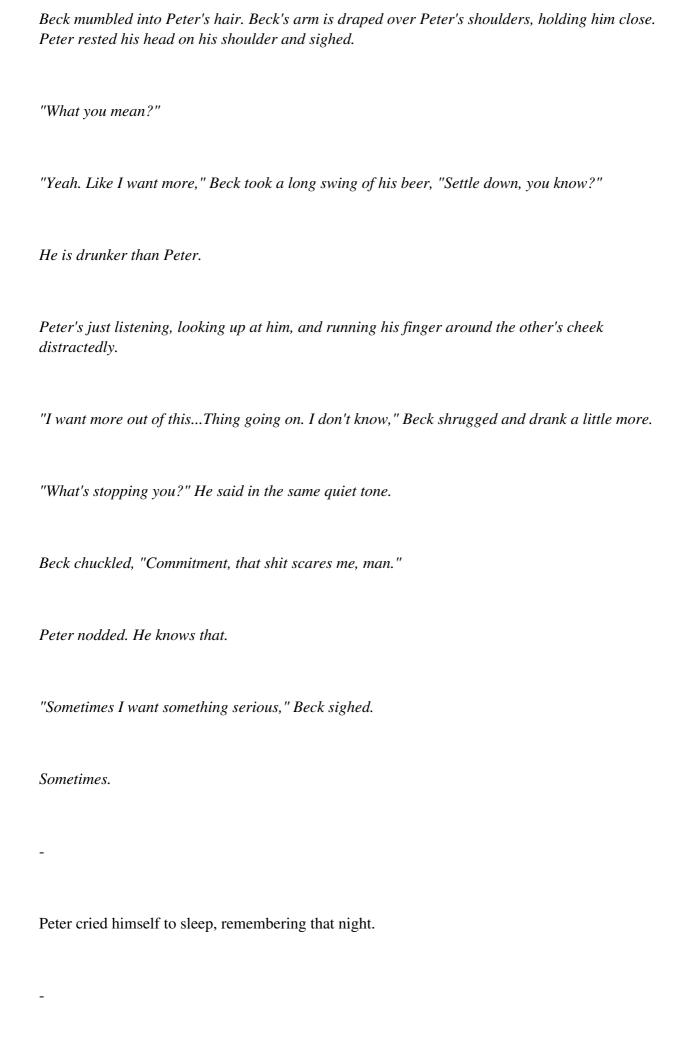


As soon as those words left his mouth, Peter felt stupidly awful. He knows Beck doesn't have a family present in his life, he's never spoken too much about it but Peter knows he grew up looking after himself. Beck doesn't have that many friends either, he's been more than once taken advantage of and talked to with hypocrisy because of his money. He once confessed to Peter on a



Beck's expression fell, it was almost unnoticeable but Peter did see it. He nodded and took a step back, he smiled tightly and shrugged.





The dinner for Thanks Giving finished early. Much to Peter's convenience. He just wanted to have more blueberry pie and then go to sleep. May left early because she has to work the morning shift at the hospital and she didn't want to be tired and Brad is showering because he is leaving to spend the rest of the night and morning with his family. He insisted Peter should come with him but Peter declined several times. They even got into a small argument but Peter doesn't have the energy to worry about that, or see Brad's family and force himself to smile and talk. He rather be alone watching a movie, stuffing himself with leftovers and probably masturbating to pass the time. Then there were two short knocks on the door and Peter frowned confusedly with a spoonful of mashed potatoes in his mouth, he pushed himself off the counter and walked towards the door. Brad didn't hear it because he wasn't asking who was at the door, the music in the apartment was a little loud. Peter opened the door swiftly and almost tipped over and at the same time fall back when he saw who it was standing outside his door. Because honestly –What the fuck? Beck stood outside with his hands inside the pockets of his jacket, looking at Peter with an expression he couldn't really read. "Hey." "What are you doing here?" Peter whisper-yelled, twisting his head around to look with caution at the bathroom door where his boyfriend was.

"Sorry to show up unexpected but I really need to talk to you," Beck stated confidently.

"How did you even get in?"

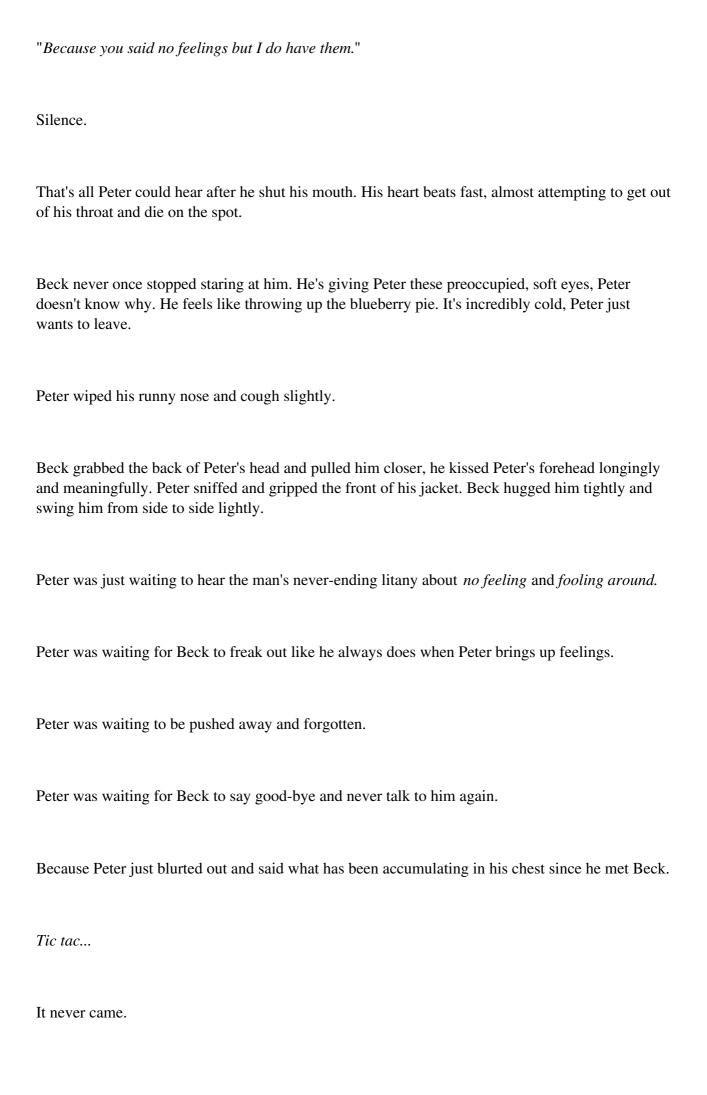






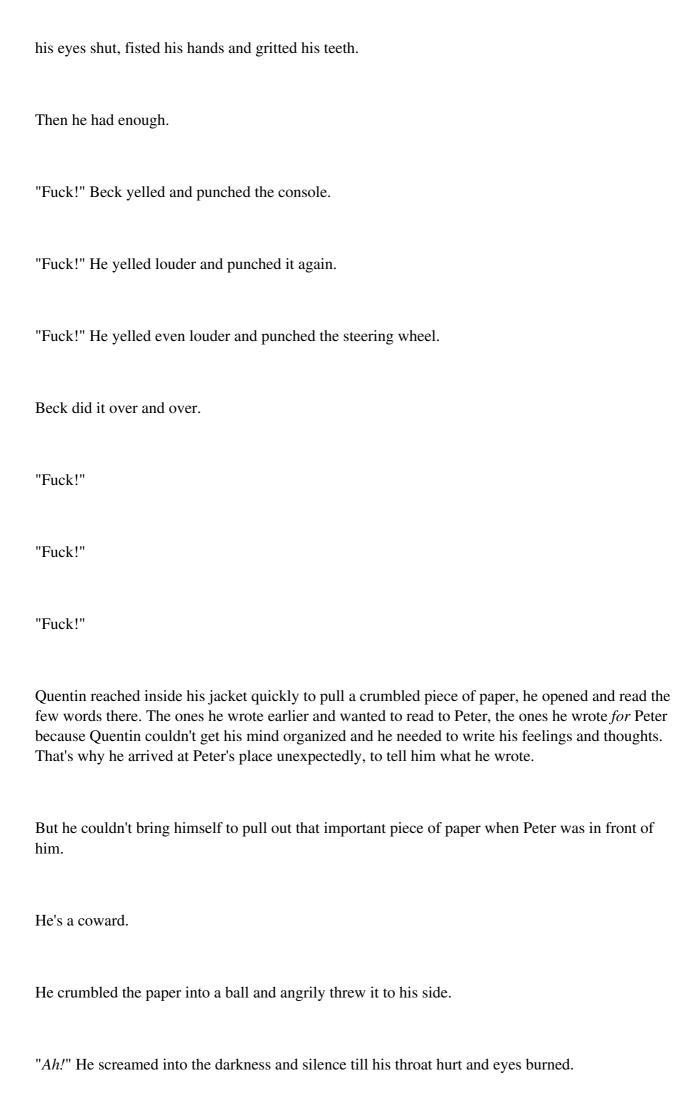












Then he stopped abruptly.

Falling back bonelessly and hanging his head low. He wanted to turn the car on and drive away but a quiet sob left his mouth instead. He brought a shaky hand to his face. That did nothing to stop his desperate breaths and silent cries. That did nothing to stop him from thinking about Peter and that did nothing to dissolve that intense feeling in his chest.

Beck's just scared.

Chapter End Notes

Yo... I think Quentin is a softboi just that he won't admit it and... Yeah this chap was a lil dark but... The storm can't last forever, k?

Hey, I'd love to hear what you think! ♥

Also, I think this chapter has been the longest one so far yikes, I hope it's not tiring to read:)

Xo.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Beck. It's always been Beck, not Brad or the guy he dated in college, or the guy he hooked up with last summer. Just Beck.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry for the long, LONG time it took me to update. I was just on a little bit of a dry spell but I think I'm back to writing regularly whoop whoop:D

This was supposed to be the last chapter but the damn story keeps on enlogating itself, I'm not in control of it at this point lol but i truly enjoy writing this for you guys

Thank u so much for all the support and nice words you've left along the way ♥

Hope u enjoy:)

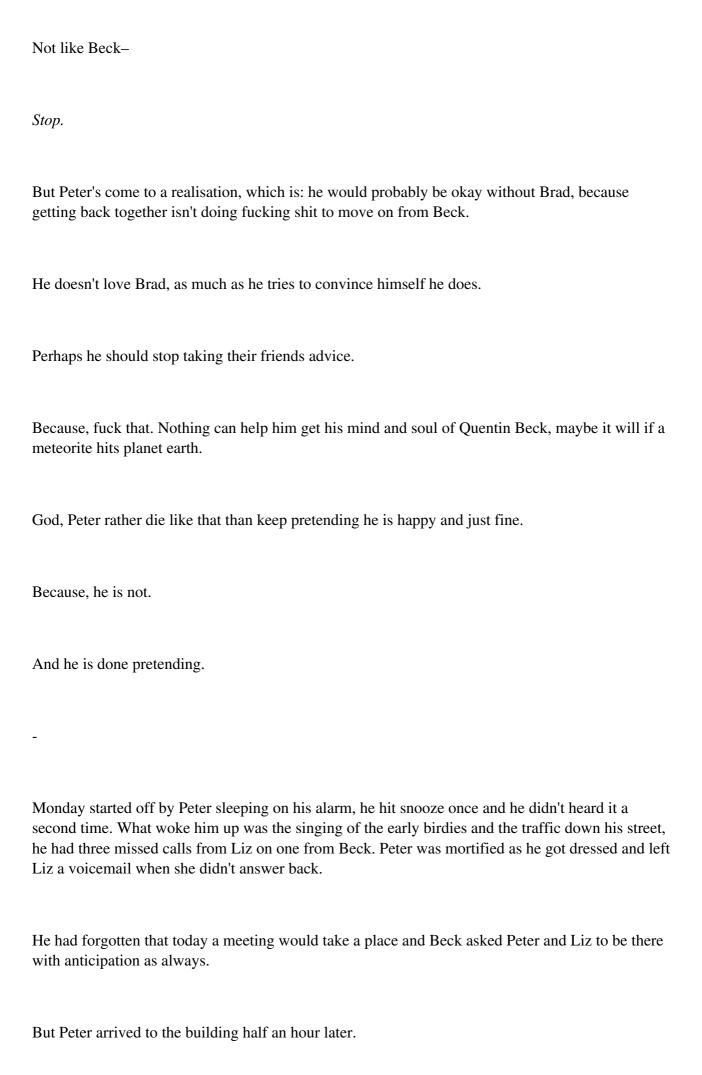
See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>

Peter is now forced to go to work and face reality –reality *equals* Beck.

The second hand embarrassment from his stupid, chaotic confession is threatening to kill him.

He wanted so bad to just call in sick on Monday, maybe Tuesday too. He is even thinking about quitting on the spot but that's just an quixotic and silly thought to feed his worried mind. He needs the money, he needs to pay the bills because Brad doesn't want to fully commit and he isn't willing to move in together and split expenses just yet. They had a talk - slash- fight the other day about that.

And it's not that Peter is that affected. In fact, he honestly couldn't care less. He isn't planning on fully committing and moving in together with Brad. With anyone. He honestly just gave their relationship a shot because of peer pressure; sort of. MJ and Liz convinced him, saying it would help him forget Beck and move on from their thing in a healthy way, that he won't feel alone and pathetic –yet he feels both– and Peter listened to them because Brad is kind of helpful and sweet most of the time, they have fun together and at least both are around the same age, the sex is mostly good, sometimes is just bad, and Peter has someone to talk to even if Brad doesn't gets him sometimes.



His clothes are a bit damp from where he waited for a cab outside his apartment just when it was starting to rain. He had to hastily and messily fix his wet hair and slap slightly his puffy face to wake himself up in the elevator's mirror as he rode it to the last floor.

And when he got to the conference room with his iPad already in hand, the clients and guests were already exciting the room. He swore under his breath and stood outside to wait; he hadn't seen Beck yet, he got on his tip toes and stretched his neck trying to get a better look.

Promptly Liz appeared at his side, making Peter jump lightly.

"Where were you?" She whispered to him while smiling politely and waving at the guests passing bye.

Peter did the same thing, a bit more forcefully.

"Huh?"

He sighed guiltily, "I tried calling you back earlier. I slept on my alarm, it was an accident."

She nodded, "It's okay. Are you okay?"

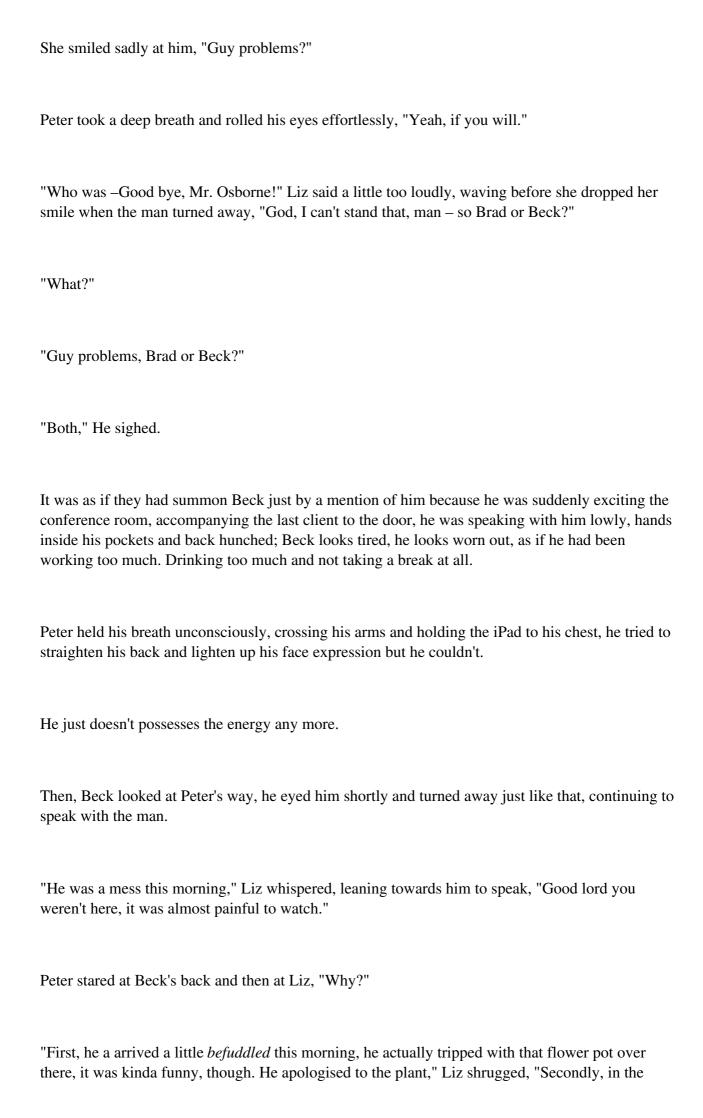
Peter shrugged and nodded.

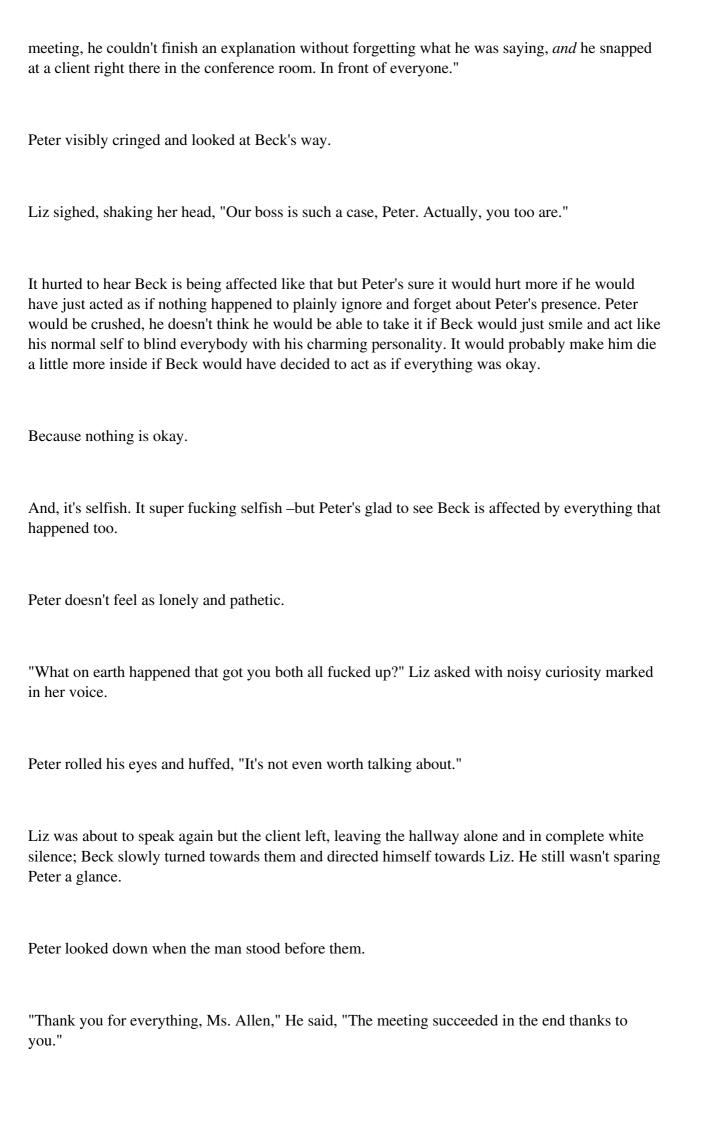
"Well, you don't look okay," Liz said pointedly, eyeing his face, she tilted her head and frowned, "Have you been crying?"

"What? No," Peter frowned too.

His friend scoffed, "Your face is all puffy. I know what you look like after a sobbing session."

"Shut up," He said without hatred, looking down.

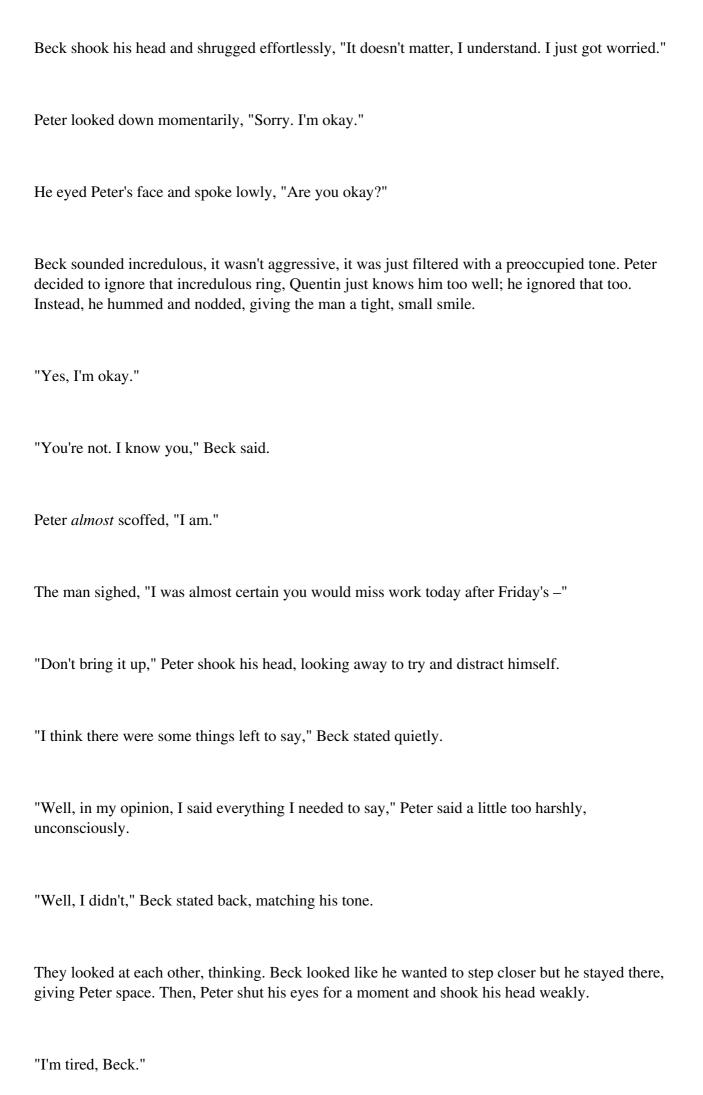




She smiled kindly, "It's my pleasure, Mr. Beck." The man nodded and sighed, he looked at his watch and then at the lonely corridor; he looked awkward, which is odd, awkward and Quentin Beck does not fit together. Liz cleared his throat and Peter shifted, they both shared a look. Then, after Beck seemed to be contemplating something, he finally looked at Peter. And, just Peter. "Can I speak to you in my office?" He asked in a low voice, as if to be discreet. Peter just nodded and gave Liz a last glance before following their boss' step close behind. Peter shut the door behind himself and Beck walked to his desk, he leaned on the edge of it and crossed his arms, though, a hand came up to scratch at his beard. A nervous habit Quentin owns. Peter walked towards the man, till he was standing in front of him, leaving a decent, wide space between them. After a flat, echoing silence accompanied the air, Peter cleared his throat and crossed his arms. "You wanted to talk to me." "Yes," Beck looked at him. Peter shifted uncomfortably under the gaze, "What is it then?" "I thought you weren't going to show up. I tried calling you," The man said, trailing off slightly, "I got worried."

"I didn't hear my alarm clock," He sighed, "And, I'm sorry for arriving this late, I know the

meeting was really important."



"Me too-" "No, you're not. I am. I made made myself look like a fucking idiot on Friday and you just stood there. Pitying me. Doing *nothing*, Quentin," Peter firmly stared at the man, he crossed his arms. Ha. Change of plans, maybe Peter does want to talk about it. Beck's blue eyes look miserable, staring and eyeing Peter as if searching for words. He looks upset and torn at the same time. That stingy sensation invaded Peter's eyes and he cursed under his breath before looking away from the other's continuous glare. Honestly, he can't afford to be preoccupied to be seen crying by Beck again, he's been seen in a worse state and he has bigger worries. Crying feel natural to Peter now and he deeply hates it. Beck sighed and gave two steps till he was in front of Peter, in his space. Peter watched their shoes and Beck raised his hands to gently hold Peter arms. Peter shrugged him off but Beck did it again, this time he tried to pull him in, trying to wrap his arms around him and hug him. Beck always does it when Peter's upset or crying and Peter would gladly accept the affection, it always helps to ease whatever affliction going on inside his head –but nothing is like it used to be. Things are shittier. Things are awkward. Things are confusing. And Peter is *fucking* tired. "Don't touch me," He muttered, pushing Beck's hands away effortlessly. "Peter," Beck whispered, trying again. "I said don't touch me," Peter's firm tone matched the strong shove at Beck's arms. "Stop pushing me away," Beck flopped his arms on his side and shrugged, giving Peter a

discouraged look, "Please. I don't know what to do."

Peter thinks Beck deserves to be pushed away by him. At least he thought so as he didn't fight again when the man pulled him in, sharing a space now, which felt comfortably numb.

Peter remained tense and stood still at first when Beck brought him into the careful hug, wrapping his arms around his back and eliminating any remaining space between them. Peter didn't reacted for a moment, he just stood there with his own arms dropped on his sides and staring at the wall behind as his chin rested on the taller's man shoulder.

"I'm sorry," The man whispered, tightening his hold when he saw Peter wasn't responding, "I'm really sorry for everything, Peter."

It was the honest to God tone and soft ring in Quentin's voice and maybe the warmest hold Peter's felt in a while that he let down his guard and pride just to give out a loud, relieved sigh and finally returned the embrace. Peter rested the side of his face on the broad shoulder as his hands touched the expensive fabric of the blazer covering Beck's back. Peter could hear their heartbeat and their even breath, he shut his eyes when Beck kissed the side of his head affectionately.

They held each other tight, accompanied with the stupid frustration of being a part even if just was for a few poor weeks. It felt good. Having Beck like this, touching him, holding him, breathing the same air and atmosphere as him, it felt good.

It felt right.

And that made Peter's lips wobble and eyebrows scrunch up in pathetic misery as he sobbed quietly and felt the need to stomp his foot on the floor like a little, immature child. He just wants to stop crying but at the same time it felt good to *not* cry alone.

It felt good to not cry in his room all lonely or in the bathtub, or during sex with Brad, on the way to work, on the way home, while texting Beck, or just crying before falling asleep and annoying his boyfriend because Peter just won't tell him what's fucking wrong.

It felt good crying with Beck scent surrounding him as his arms hold Peter safe and warm —even if the cause of his sorrow is said man hugging him stupid.

Still, Peter did his best to not let Beck notice his crying, he doesn't want to feel any more woeful, he doesn't wants to feel like the victim.



by the tie to kiss him good morning too. Peter guiltily and miserably craved that feeling and that action to be his first and truthful good morning bliss and tedious sloppy happiness. Beck stared back, he looked like wanted to say something but he wasn't saying anything, he stared at Peter's freckless and eyes instead as the clock behind them seemed louder than ever and it kept clicking. Peter felt hurried but he wasn't moving, he didn't want to move. Still, he gradually let go of Beck and of their sweet embrace. Earlier, Beck looked really tired and sleep deprived, but at the moment –he looked as awake as ever, now that he was looking at the brown eyes. As if he's been injected an energy shot by getting to look at Peter and speak to him. Peter understands, oh yes, on a personal level; he does feel more revived with the littlest of attention and affection Beck gives him. He gets the special tingles and uncaring butterflies in his belly. He understands his ugly addiction now and why is it so difficult to cure. Quentin is his opium. And Peter is using. Beck dropped a hand to his own side but one came to hold the side of Peter's neck, the fingers felt warm against his cold skin, his thumb was rubbing there and it made Peter weak to his knees. Peter sighed, feeling fucking defeated, busted and drained. So bad that he just felt like Beck was the only thing and only one that could blast some sort of intense vitality into his exhausted,

But at the same time Beck was the one draining that vitality, maybe not just Beck, just the mere situation they found themselves in this precise world.

collapsing system.

Beck. It's always been Beck, not Brad or the guy he dated in college, or the guy he hooked up with last summer. *Just Beck*.

There's a lot of options, a lot of places, a lot of people but Peter can only see Beck. And he doesn't know how to just *stop*.

Peter slowly, hesitantly raised a hand to place it on top of the one on his neck, he would've push it away but instead he just held it and looked up at the man.

That was enough of an action and permission or just encouragement for Quentin to take a step forward and look at Peter as if he was reading the signs of the times.

They're like magnets. Like fucking magnets who can't help but be dragged against one another in the most inevitable way.

It was unexpected or probably, really expected –they kissed.

Beck leaned in first, fast and lithe as if he was afraid Peter would push him away so he held his jaw with both hands, soft enough for Peter to easily step away and careful enough for Peter to want more.

Peter didn't push or hit him away, he should've, but he just didn't fucking want to.

This was home. This was his spot, his cocoon, his warmth and ever-lovely comfort.

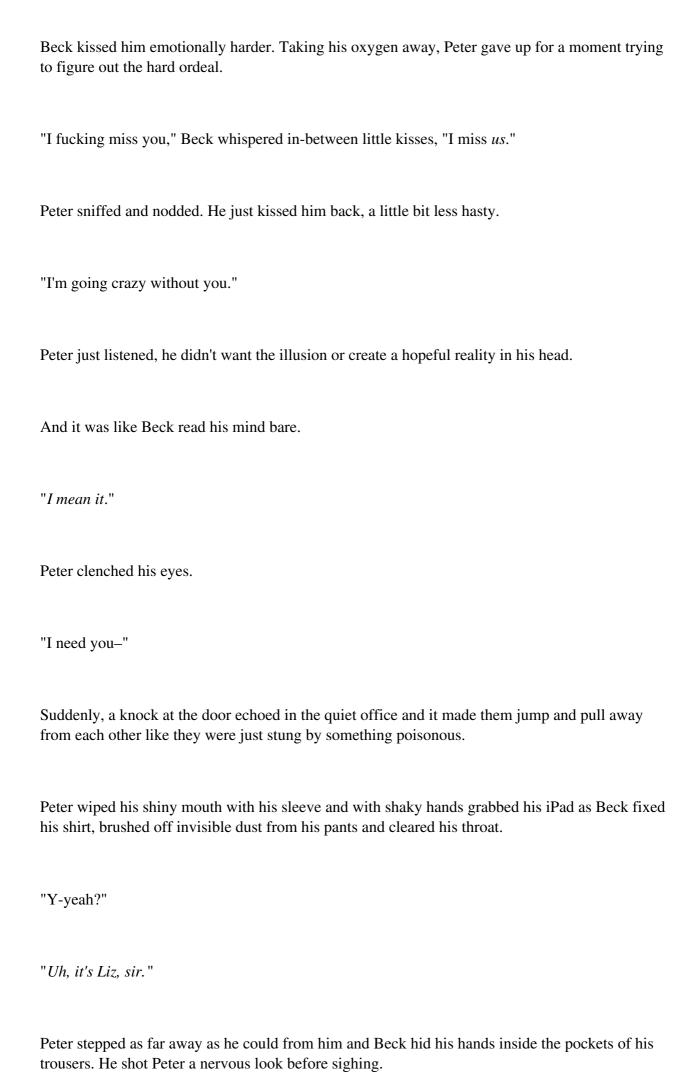
Peter shut his eyes at first instance, almost automatically he held Beck's neck with his hands as their lips moved with little hesitation and enough passionate desperation. Beck tasted like bourbon and mint, he tasted warm and familiar. Wet sounds emitted embarrassingly as their tongues met in sweet unison, it was just like brushes and languid little licks. Nothing vulgar or sexual. It was just their mouths enjoying each other's presence and making up for all the inconvenient, lost times.

Brad barely crossed his mind, Beck was consuming, making him forget about any coherent piece of thought.



commitment, the player, the oblivious one, the carefree and slightly selfish man that has been driving Peter lovingly insane and playing with that for the last past months. *No*.

There's no a single way Quentin Beck is all fucked up by the fucking *secretary*.



"Come on in." Liz slowly opened the door, looked at them and their positions and promptly looked down at the papers on her hands, clearly sensing the heavy tension. "Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Beck. The newest investor, Mr. Zemo, is already waiting for you in the conference room," She said awkwardly, pointing outside. "Oh, right, yeah," Quentin breathed out and rubbed his face in an frustrated way, "Is there any way we can cancel? I've kinda of got something more important going on." Peter looked away when Beck eyed him shortly. "Uh, I – I don't," Liz stammered with evident confusion in her face, "Sorry, but I don't think that's possible, sir. You've already cancelled twice and it's Mr. Zemo, you know? And he's already here with his team. But, I could try and cancel-" "N-no, that's okay," Peter interrupted her, making the both of them suddenly look at his way, "This is really important, Zemo is kind of a big deal." Beck spoke over Peter, "No, seriously, Liz. Please try and cancel the meeting." "No," Peter glared up at Beck. Liz stared at Beck and Peter back and forth, slightly panicking. Poor Liz, Peter thought. She's always finding herself in awkward situations because of them. "I'll go help you set the things in a bit," Peter smiled slightly at her.

Liz nodded, slightly dumbfounded, "... Your presentation is already being projected, Mr. Beck, is

that alright?"



"Would you stop, Peter?" Beck said exasperatedly, holding Peter's shoulders, "Seriously, you're driving me mad with your mood swings!"
"I am driving you mad with my mood swings?" He raised his voice too and stared at the man in plain disbelief.
"I don't wanna argue, please," Beck whispered, holding Peter's face instead with his hands.
Peter just looked up at him as Beck stepped a little closer.
"Come on, baby, let me talk to you," He spoke softly and his thumbs carefully brushed Peter's cheekbones.
"Don't call me that," Peter whispered stubbornly.
Beck sighed, "I know I probably don't deserve it."
"No, I think you already lost your chance," Peter stared at him, "I'm really tired, Beck, I really don't have the energy for this."
Beck just stared at him, still not letting go.
"I'm done," Peter mumbled quietly.
He sighed, "Peter, I didn't even get to say anything that day, you walked out on me."
"Because you just stood there and said nothing!"
His loud tone echoed inside the walls, making them both look down, he carefully pushed Beck and stepped away, giving himself some personal space again as he was let go of by Quentin. Peter crossed his arms and took a deep breath.



But why is Beck taking the time to be here, with Peter, talking and acting like a nervous maniac, sweating and moving constantly as if he was on fucking coke. He honestly doesn't recognise Beck at the moment and Peter doesn't know how he us supposed to feel about it.
Theres much more to this Right?
Peter cleared his throat, "I don't understand?"
He fucking hated the hopeful tone in his voice, the way it wavered and how he stared up at Beck with his big brown eyes and enamoured gleam. He hates how pathetic he feels right now and all the time, how small he makes himself and how down he puts himself.
Still-
"Answer me," Peter said quietly.
It took Beck a moment to look at him, his eyes seem tired, red and small. He promptly looked down again and shook his head.
"I'm trying, Pete."
"Just tell me."
"I can't."
Right.
He forgot he was talking to Quentin Beck and Peter was left expecting something. As merely

Mhm... No.

always. Silly. Silly. Silly.







the letter in his hand.

Chapter End Notes

I used a lot of swearing in the narrative but I was hoping to portray Peter's and Quentin's frustration, i hope it didn't came out unnecessary.

I hope you liked the chap, I'd love to read your thoughts:)

Thank u for reading! <3

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Peter tells Brad about Beck, he then finally reads the letter.

Chapter Notes

Hey!! How are you all?? :D

I apologize for the long time of not posting a new chapter, I struggled a little bit with this one and worked on it for a few weeks but it's finally done!

I wanna thank you all so much again for commenting and supporting this along the way, that was what inspired me to continue this, you're all so, so lovely and reading you and getting to interact with you makes me so happy and want to continue •

I hope you enjoy this chapter!

(On a side note, I don't remember why I even put this work under anonymous lol but I changed it so, hi there!)

See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>

Peter didn't unfold, nor did he read the letter.

He didn't contact Beck like he desperately wanted to.

He couldn't bare the thought of doing it, he is not brave enough, he was afraid of the vague thought of knowing what is written in the paper. He doesn't know what to expect. Beck is hard to read.

Peter wanted to save himself from any further little heartache – because he just doesn't know what does the letter say, he isn't ready to find out.

He will have to read it at some point, though.

But that's for later. Perhaps. Peter is angry at Beck, he is upset and he's feeling resentful. He is angry at the fact that Beck has to give him a fucking letter. Why can he just say it to Peter?

Maybe Peter is being selfish and he isn't being understanding, maybe he needs to be more empathetic and caring.

But, honestly, he's had enough. Beck has hurt him enough. They've hurt each other enough.

Maybe he will never read the letter and just leave it inside his drawer, where he put it as soon as Peter stormed inside his apartment, stripped to just his underwear and flopped on the bed with a exhausted sigh. He didn't even cry, he didn't have the energy. He doesn't think he can cry anymore. He feels dry and empty, just overwhelmingly numb. He just ended up aimlessly scrolling through his phone, silently hoping - just to comfort his ego - that Beck would call him or text him, of course Peter wouldn't answer but just he would feel more at ease knowing Beck is thinking about him.

Beck didn't call, he didn't text.

Inevitably Peter fell into a deep and long slumber.

-

The next day, as expected, Peter called in sick, he called Liz in a groggy voice because he tried, he really tried to get up and get ready for work but he really couldn't, his body ached and he felt weak, he physically couldn't stand up from bed and get ready for the day, his eyes wouldn't stay open; so he ended up on his side, the fluffy cover over his head as he talked with Liz, making excuses and trying to hang up.

"Just tell Beck that I called in sick," He has said when Liz tried to argue.

"Why don't you tell him?" She sighed in frustration.

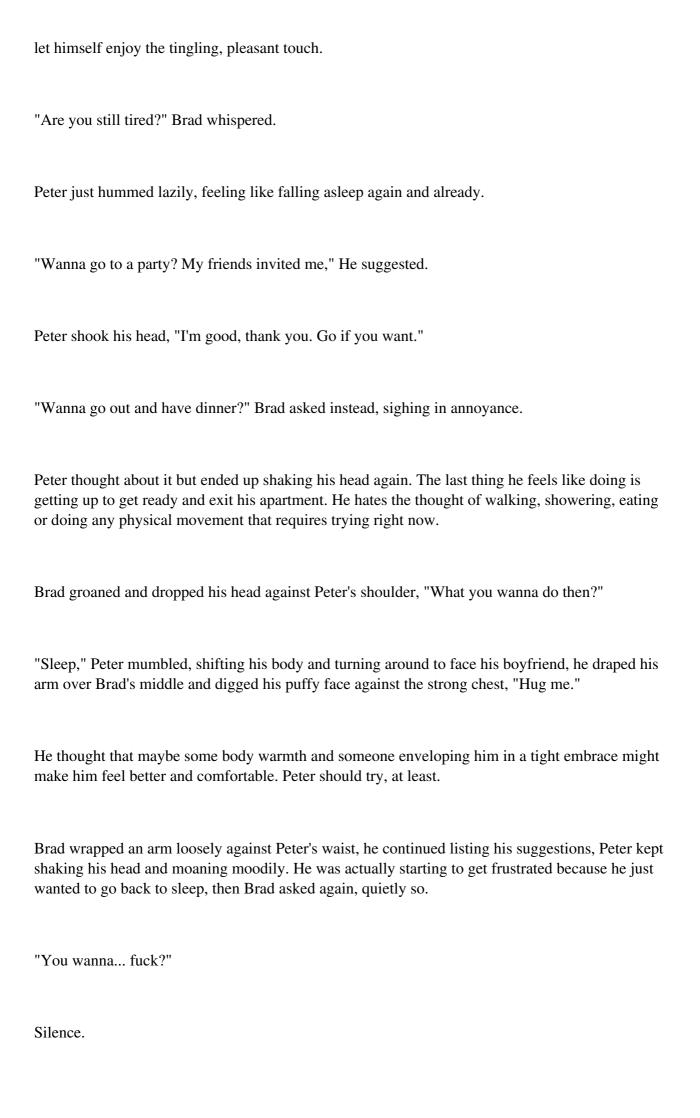
"Please, Liz. Tell him," Peter had shut his eyes.

He thought they would hang up because neither was talking but Liz quietly spoke after a moment.

"Pete, this is getting crazy. What's going on?" She asked, "I know you aren't well, but tell me." Peter had sighed too, "I don't feel like talking right now, Liz, really. I'll tell you later, promise. I just - I just wanna sleep." His friend hesitated for a bit but ended up agreeing, "Okay, keep resting and get well," She mumbled, "I care about you, Pete. I don't like seeing you like this. I'm here if you need anything, you know?" "I know," Peter smiled sadly and nodded, "Thank you, Liz. Seriously. For everything. Love you." "Love you too, silly." And with that they hung up. After little thought and hesitation, Peter went back to sleeping comfortably on his mattress, it was cold, he just pulled the covers and sheets tightly around his body. Beck didn't call him that day, he always does when Peter is late work or when he doesn't arrives. But this time he didn't call him. It stupidly affected Peter. He quickly fell asleep and tried not to think about it too much. The humming and warmth of his heater was comforting enough. A cold hand running on the small of his back and leg made Peter stir and awaken from his sleep, he huffed and shifted, before he remembered he was alone. He jerked fully awake and sat down, making the bed creak, his hands and arms were already up in defense but he quickly recognise the cologne and the person with him; Peter flopped down on the bed heavily. "Oh, my God," He sighed, a hand on his chest and the other on his face, "What are you doing here?" Brad chuckled and slapped his thigh playfully, "Hey, babe."







That made Peter think for a moment and open his eyes. He slowly perked his head up to look at his boyfriend's face. Brad was staring at him already with a cheeky smirk and one of his hands was playfully dragging itself down Peter's back. *Mhm.* Peter could use a distraction. Peter is in need of a distraction or some forsaken relief. He needs some stimulation to his emotions and body and something to forget. And just not think.

Think about Beck.

Even if it's for a little while and it will probably make him feel more shitty afterwards. He hasn't had sex in God knows how long, maybe two weeks already, he and Brad haven't been seeing each other that much, even when they do Peter finds an excuse to say no when Brad wants to start something. He just doesn't feel it or isn't in the mood. And Beck –Peter mentally scoffed at that thought. It feels like forever since he has *being* with Beck.

It feels deeply distant and miserable. Peter misses it. Oh, of course he does.

Peter guiltily craves it, he yearns it.

It feels wrong not having Beck. It feels wrong to be always arguing. It's painful and it's sad and it's just Peter's worst nightmare.

Why did he had to open his stupid mouth and confess everything on that Thanksgiving day?

No – Why did he had to catch feelings?

Because them fucking wasn't merely carnal and forbiddingly erotic, there was something more to it —God knows there was something more to it.

Peter saw the way Beck would stare at him as they were one, as Peter laid on a surface, skin reddened and legs spread for Beck and only Beck. As Beck trusted slowly and deeply, as Peter took it and gripped it. Peter saw the way Beck would stare at him when he thought Peter wasn't noticing. How he would pant and look at Peter's moaning lips and euphoric sight. He would lick hungrily and slowly at Peter's salty skin. As if it was a vanilla ice cream.

He would look at Peter in adoration and desperation as if he just couldn't believe his own very eyes the beauty and artistry that was Peter; as if Peter had brought the moon with him and enlighten Quentin Beck's lonely and boring life.



It got worse when Peter turned his head to the side and looked at where the picture of he and Beck together was. It was now hidden in a drawer. He looked on purpose. Just to torture himself. He thought about Beck and how he wished Beck was here instead of Brad. A lonely, fat tear rolled down his right cheek. Peter stared aimlessly at the wall as his body moved in time with his boyfriend's thrust.
Then, he finally realized.
This isn't fair.
For neither of them. Not for Brad. Not for Peter. This is fucked, far from mending.
This is going nowhere. Neither is Peter. He feels lost and in pain. He isn't in the right mind to pretend. Not anymore.
He used to love Brad. He really did. A few years ago. He used to think that they would marry and live together. They were young, they were silly. He did use to love his boyfriend. Not anymore.
Brad should know the truth.
Slowly, Peter sniffed, straightened on Brad's lap and wiped at his face where another tear had fell. Brad didn't notice because he confused them to signs of pleasure. Peter stopped his hips and rested his forehead against his boyfriend's. He panted and kissed softly Brad's lips, one last time. He didn't open his eyes, just rested against Brad.
"I can't."
Brad said breathlessly, "You tired? You wanna change-"
Peter shook his head and pulled away, he repeated, "I can't."

thinking.





Promptly, Peter lost a little patience too, "I don't love you anymore!"

Brad didn't speak, just stared at Peter with a blank expression. Peter didn't speak either but he looked away from Brad because it hurt. Peter feels bad. He wishes he would just tell Brad over text to avoid the confrontation but of course Peter wouldn't do that. He just wishes for this to be over, for Brad to take his things and leave. Peter didn't expect that this would affect and hurt him this much. All this feelings, all this emotions, all this burdens, all this mortification.

It's all accumulating from the prior events with Quentin and it's weighting Peter down. Like a dead end.

Sinking him. Like an anchor in the middle of the sea. Peter feels like that.

Soon, Brad found his voice again, it was quiet, "You don't love me anymore? –Just like that?"

"I'm sorry, I really am," He answered with a wet voice.

Just like that, the other lost composure again, scoffing bitterly and saying loudly, "Don't say sorry just explain yourself to me because I'm not fucking understanding—"

"Brad," He sighed in exhaustion, rubbing his face.

"-all this bullshit you're telling me now!"

"I don't wanna be with you anymore!" Peter yelled, punching his fist on the mattress, giving Brad a desperate, upset look, "I never really wanted to. I'm sorry. I thought trying and getting back together would work but it didn't. It's not the same as it used to be and you know it."

"You never really wanted to?" Brad frowned, "What the fuck does that mean? You did it out of pity?"

"No, I honestly thought it would work out –but it didn't," Peter spoke in a quiet tone once again,

immediately feeling bad for yelling, he looked back down and grabbed his briefs from the floor to quickly put it on.

More tears flooded down his cheeks, blurring his eyesight slightly, warming his flushed cheeks. He wetland sniffed.

"Is this why you've been acting strange?" The other kept asking, now staring at Peter at eye level now that he was standing up too, "Because you *don't* love me anymore?"

Peter wiped at his face with his hands roughly, looking away and crossing his arms to cover his naked chest. He tries not to cry. To not keep on crying. But it truly was merely impossible. His face scrunched, his bottom lip wobbled as more tears fell. They were unwanted. Peter hated them. He hates crying. He just can't look at Brad and not feel bad. It really hurts him. He is a fool and selfish. Using Brad to forget his affliction —Quentin Beck.

It was for nothing because Beck and the letter is all Peter can think of now.

"Huh?" Brad asked, irked. Demanding a quick answer.

He kept looking away from Brad's intense gaze. He just slowly nodded.

Brad was silent for a moment before he scoffed and nodded too, giving Peter a disbelieving, bitter smile, "Well, now I know. Great. Thank you fucking much."

Without another word, Brad began putting on his shirt, turning around and grabbing his things, harshly putting them inside his bag. Peter watched him with wary eyes, wanting to hug him to try and calm him down but he knows that wouldn't work. It would be wrong and stupid. Brad probably hates him now even if not everything should fall at Peter's conscience and blame. He didn't choose any of this. He didn't think anything through. He didn't mean wrongfulness or despair. He just wanted to heal and get better. Look for a solution and a better future. A less miserable life.

Once again, none of that worked.

Peter flinched when the loud noise of some things from his desk fell to the ground when Brad accidentally knocked them off after he walked by. He didn't bother to pick them up, he looked

enraged. Getting some of his clothes that he keeps in Peter's closet, roughly pulling them off the hangers.

"I'm sorry, Brad," Peter struggled to say over the sob that escaped past his lips.

Brad stopped in his tracks and faced Peter again, frowning and pointing an angry finger at him as he walked towards his and stood before him.

"You know what? Fuck this. Fuck *you*. All this time you've managed to fuck normal things up in our relationship like dates, parties or fucking movie nights –whatever the fuck, because for some fucking reason you were always crying and complaining about something and now you even managed to fuck up the sex which fucking sucked, by the way," He spat out, looking at Peter with resentment, "*Congratulations*."

It broke Peter. It injured his insides. He's sensitive and fragile insides. Everything that was accumulated in his heart and chest, it finally flooded out into Peter's system, like a natural disaster, destroying everything at a fast, discouraging pace. Peter start crying for real, sobbing and weeping embarrassedly loud. He couldn't care anymore. His shoulders shook as he felt threatened to an hyperventilation attack. He felt good for nothing. He *is* good for nothing. Brad just confirmed that.

Peter stood there, half-naked, cold and ashamed, crying with his hands hiding his face, trying to stop his sorrowful sobs.

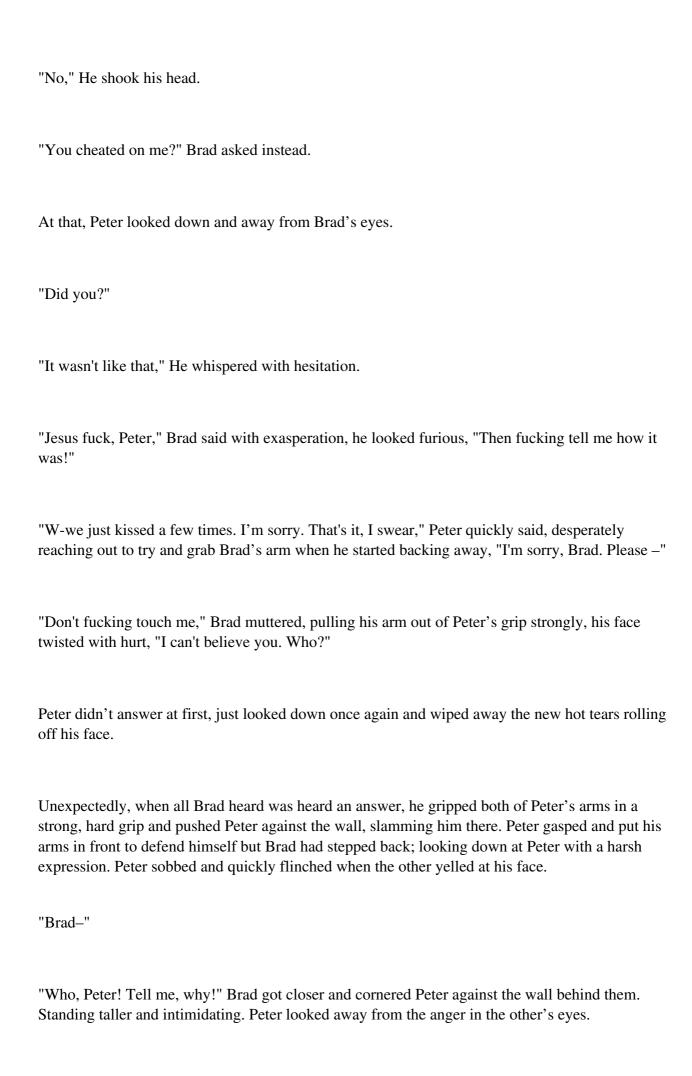
"Oh, cry me a fucking river, Peter. I'm sick of you always playing the victim and crying for no reason," Brad said angrily, pointing a blaming finger at him, "I'm fed up with your shit and I'm done begging you like an idiot and trying to fix *our* relationship!"

"Stop yelling, please!" Peter raised his voice too, sounding harsh and broken. Weak and rotten.

Brad did stop yelling. He took a deep breath in and looked away. Seeming exhausted, trouble, doleful. Peter can relate.

"I'll always care for you, Brad. That doesn't change," Peter spoke weakly over the silence.

Brad ignored the statement and instead asked, in the same wobbly, hushed tone, "Are you seeing someone else?"



"B-beck," He whispered again, feeling like his throat just couldn't speak louder, it hurt. He quietly sobbed, "I love him." He anticipates another aggressive move from Brad, he put his arms up but nothing came.

"Beck," Brad said incredulously, tasting the name in his mouth bitterly, "Your... boss. Your fucking *boss*?"

"I'm sorry," It's all Peter could say, he was honest.

He truly is sorry. He feels like a piece of shit.

"Just tell me, Peter. I need to know."

"And, you fucking *love* him?" The other snorted sarcastically, letting out a mean, discouraging chuckle, "You're pathetic, Peter. You know that? I feel sorry for you, really. Guys like him don't even get with people like *you*. You're just like a fucking hobby, Peter. A distraction. A fucking play thing."

"I'm sorry for everything, Brad."

That was Peter's simple answer to Brad's derogatory words. They burned and hurt Peter deep to the core. They have some truth behind them. Some ugly, deprecating, disdainful truth. Peter just wanted Brad to leave. Peter couldn't recognize him as of right now; he was being consumed by anger, despair, hatred and frustration. Hurting and offending Peter.

They both have hurt each other along the way. But Brad was just being straight up mean. Rude and crude. He reminded Peter of how he was in college, how he treated Peter in college. He was letting his emotions consume and control him, he was being impulsive. Not caring much about Peter or his feelings –still Peter didn't acknowledge that fact so well.

Because he felt like he deserves it. He deserves it all.

So on, Peter said sorry again when he glanced at the crushed look on Brad's face.

"I don't need your fucking apologies," He muttered lowly, stepping away and finishing getting his things, he wiped his face with his arm roughly. A few angry tears had escaped, "I can't believe I wasted my time. I can't believe you did this to me."
"I'm sorry, I am, please," Peter sobbed with sentiment, watching him pace around the room.
Brad quickly faced him, "Stop fucking crying!"
"Just go away!" Peter yelled back, fists clenching at his sides, "Please! I fucked up and I'm so sorry, I swear. But please stop yelling at me and get out."
Brad gave him a long, hard look before shaking his head and carrying his bag. He leaned in close to Peter and muttered crudely.
"Slut."
Peter blinked a two tears rolled down miserably, he sniffed and looked down from the resentful gaze, "Please, leave," He whispered.
Brad turned around and stomped to the door. When it slammed shut and Peter was left in dead, ugly silence –he broke down in a drowning, sorrowful, heart-aching crying. Desperately gasping for air and weeping like a little child. He slid down the wall, not caring about the scratching in his back. He stretched his tired and heavy legs and held his chest with both hands, feeling it move and shake as his crying didn't cease.
He was cold on the floor, not wearing clothes but his underwear, but he didn't care. He started shivering and shaking. It may be the cold, or just a panic attack; Peter couldn't really differentiate.
He is numb all over.
_
It was the next day. He had skipped work again. He didn't even bothered to notify Liz or Beck. He couldn't bring himself to. He didn't care. He doesn't have the strength.

He completely ignored his message app.

Here Peter found himself, hidden in his apartment, surrounded by the dark, old walls. It was four a.m and Peter couldn't sleep. He was wide awake. Mindlessly looking at whatever his tele was playing. He wasn't paying attention. He was sprawled on his couch. His head hurt, just like his eyes. His face was swollen and puffy, definitely from crying so much.

Peter stopped crying a few hours ago. He was dried out. Almost emotionless. Tired. Exhausted. He was just existing as of right now.

Yesterday, after Brad left, Peter stayed for several minutes curled up on the floor, unable to stand up or move. His body shook violently as he let out every sentiment and emotion accumulated through low cries and sobs. It felt good in the end, surprisingly so. As if a weight have been lifted off his chest. Even though it hurt, Peter felt relieved when Brad walked out his door.

Peter felt free in some weird way.

The words thrown at his way resonated inside his head, paining and mortifying Peter. But then, right there on the floor, when his cries had quieted down and he was just sniffing, processing everything that happened – Peter realized that he didn't deserve such a hard treatment. He knows he did wrong, he knows he fucked up but Brad crossed a line and Peter would never forgive him for everything crude and ruthless that he said to Peter.

Brad was the same Brad after all, he didn't really changed.

Peter is glad that's over now. He just wishes he would've reach some sort of healthy disclosure with Brad. But that just seems impossible.

It's over now.

Peter felt a little better when he gained the strength to stand up and head to the bathroom to shower. The water was too warm, making Peter's skin red but he didn't mind. It kept him awake. He washed the saltiness of his face and scrubbed harshly at his body. He wasn't crying anymore, just staring blankly at the floor as he washed himself.

He was tired but he wasn't sleepy. Peter tried sleeping again but his body refused to cave in. He just has sleep a lot. That's all Peter wants honestly to sleep and not think but he found himself wide awake in his living room. Hoping to magically feel sleepy and pass out right there on his couch.

He just doesn't *know* what to do with his life anymore.

And, just like that, as Peter was aimlessly staring at the show playing and eating old chips, his phone buzzed on his belly, he jumped slightly because he thought he had muted it after he finished playing some games on it.

Peter squinted at the bright light of the screen as he looked at it with a frown, reading the newest notification. His stomach twisted and heart jumped involuntarily. It was Beck. His name shown in bold letters. Tempting Peter to open the message.

He just stared at his phone and them at the ceiling, contemplating.

It felt familiar. It made him feel warm. Peter is used to Beck texting him late at night, when he can't sleep, when he is drunk, when he is working but he always contacts Peter out of everyone. Beck once told Peter after waking him up in a Wednesday night that he just likes listening to Peter's voice because it soothes him. It always made Peter smile, even if his sleep was interrupted. It made him feel all fuzzy and content knowing he was in Beck's mind in the most lonely, quiet moments for the man.

Beck hasn't reached out since since they last talked a fee days ago. Peter lost count of the days. It could be two, it could be three. He wouldn't really know. It made Peter smile now. Just a small, closed-lip smile. Barely there. He felt relieved.

It felt like a contrast to how Brad left him feeling. Peter felt a rush of happiness and before he could hide his phone or throw it away, he quickly unlocked his phonescreen, going into his messages. He thinks it's a better option to just ignore it, to wait a few days to cool down, calm down and make up his mind about Beck; for his sake and well-being. For his *mental* well-being.

But Peter didn't. He is angry at Beck. So fucking angry but that doesn't stop him from wanting to know about him.

That doesn't stop him from loving him.

God. Peter is a fool.

He expected drunken, silly, incoherent texts. Peter wondered what was Beck doing awake. Probably thinking too, Peter pondered. But the texts didn't seem a product of a drunken mind.

Hey

I know you're probably sleeping

Sorry to text you at this hour

I just want to know if you're okay

I can't sleep

I keep thinking of you

I miss you

Peter sighed and closed his eyes. He dropped his phone on the couch and thought. Desperately trying not to. He quickly grabbed his phone again to read Beck's words. Peter bit his nails nervously as his eyes shifted over the words. Reading them over and over.

All of a sudden, before he could process it, Peter was standing up fast. Almost filling lightheaded. He headed with little though to his room, where his drawer was. He opened it and stared inside for a moment before quickly reaching for the letter. Beck's letter. That crumbled piece of paper that its content was dedicated to Peter.

He took a seat in the edge of his bed. He looked at the folded paper sheet and with hesitation unfolded it after taking a deep breath.

He should definitely wait. He should definitely heal first or at least take his mind a few days off the matter. To distance himself from Beck – but Peter can't just do. He's tried and he doesn't want to. Beck messaging him just made it worse.

Peter's got nothing to lose, not right now. Not anymore.

He might as well read what Beck wrote to him.

And so he did before he could think twice.

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I decided to write this because I found it easier to express what I'm feeling when I'm not speaking.

I've never been good with emotions.

Or expressing myself.

I suck at it. My family was never affectionate with me and that's what I learned. That was all I knew

I didn't know how not to be like that sometimes. I try everyday to not be like my family because they fucked something inside me.

And I don't want to hurt you, Peter. Never. You don't know how much I care for you.

I'm sorry for everything. I'm sorry for hurting you. I'm sorry that I treat you badly. I'm sorry I made you cry. I hate myself for it and I regret it everyday because I want to make you happy.

You're the most important person in my life now. You've been there for me all this time. I want to be there for you too.

I was denying how I felt, because I was scared. It's never happened before and I don't didn't know what to do.

I'm sorry it took me this long to realize.

I love you.

-

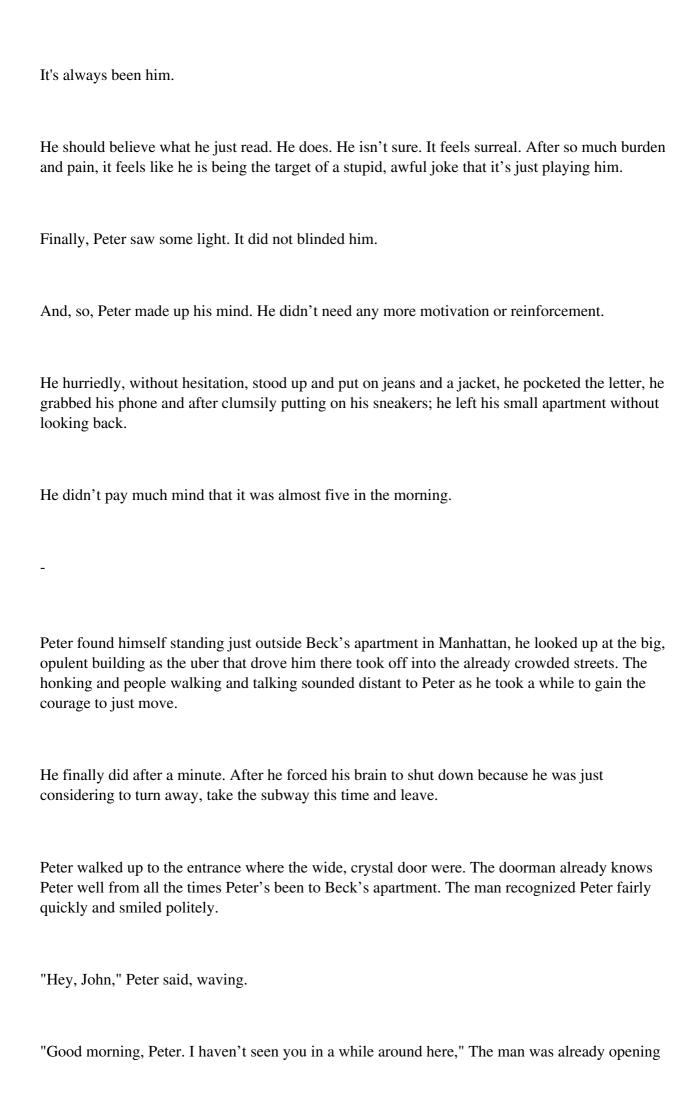
Peter just sat right there, on his bed. Staring down at the letter and it's crumbled corners. He read it again. He couldn't help but process the words in disbelief. He didn't cry. He didn't feel sad. He found himself with a spiral of mixed emotions, heavy and present in his head. He brought the letter to his chest, holding it tightly with his palm against him.

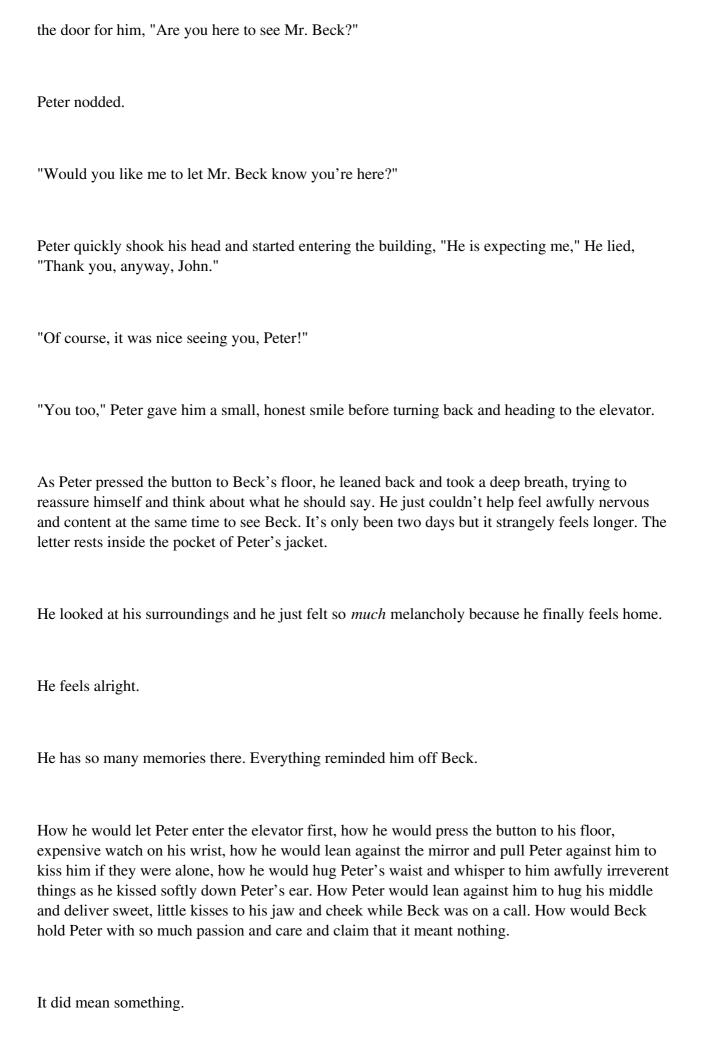
Finally, a tear escaped. Still, he wasn't sad. Not at all.

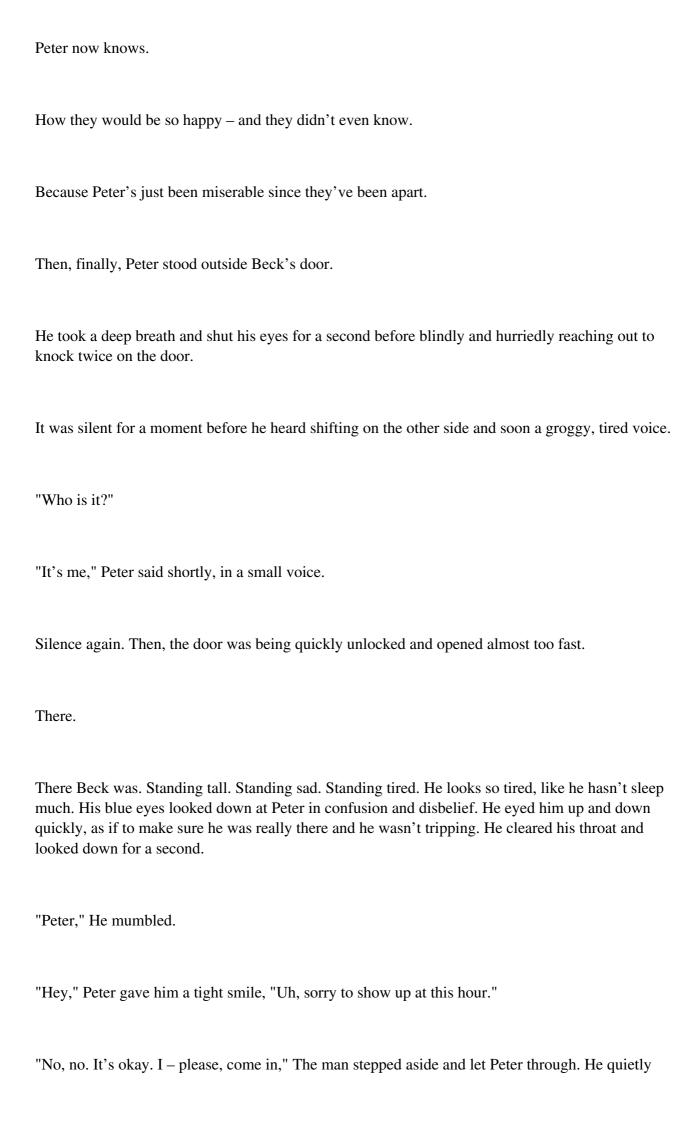
He felt untroubled, serene, fulfilled.

Beck.

Quentin Beck.









"I did. I do – I miss you."

Peter nodded, sighing and looking down. He was wordless again, just waiting for Beck to continue the conversation, to ask him something, to come closer or pull him closer. Whatever. But they stood frozen in place. The television from the living room echoed, filling in the quietness.

Then, suddenly, they spoke at the same time. "-Did you read it?" "-I broke up with Brad." "What?" Beck frowned. "I broke up with brad," He repeated in a mumble, "A few hours ago." Beck stared at him for a moment before breathing in, "Are you okay?" "Yeah," Peter nodded, and shrugged, "It was a little ugly but I'm okay." "You're in good terms?" He shook his head this time, looking down, "Not really." "He did something to you?" The man asked quietly. Peter shook his head again, "No," He lied, "I'm okay. I'm better now. I feel better, you know, now that we're not together."

Quentin nodded. They fell in silence again. Peter looked around the kitchen, trying to distract himself or just find something to say. It was weird being in silence. Usually, either Peter or Beck have something to say. They can't never shut themselves up. They always have something to

comment.

But it feels as if something changed. Of course, something changed. They've been through some shit. Some intense, heavy, heart-aching shit.

Promptly, Peter reached in his pocket and pulled out Beck's crumbled letter. Beck followed Peter's hand with his eyes. He looked nervous. He looked scared and hesitant. He eyed Peter's face, as if trying to read him. Peter lifted his hand and presented the letter to Beck. Peter feels tired. He can no longer cry even if he wants to. He just stared at Beck and asked in a small, fearful voice. He is done feeding stupidly hopeless. He wants to hear Beck saying it.

"Do you mean what's on it?"

Beck quickly spoke, in the same tone, "Every word."

Peter looked down and scoffed, "I don't know what to think anymore, to be honest," He admitted, "I don't know if I should believe you. I'm so tired, Beck. You've no idea. I'm overworked. I can't keep going back and forward."

"I don't wanna go back and forward either. Not anymore. Peter, I mean it. I mean everything that I wrote. *Everything*," Quentin got closer, raising a desperate hand, trying to prove his point. He isn't touching Peter because he looks defensive.

Peter is defensive. How could he not?

"Please, just believe me."

"Why don't you just say it?" Peter asked, stubborn.

Beck stared at him, emotional and overwhelmed, "I love you."

Peter stared back. His chest ached, his belly tingled. He watched the single tear rolling down Beck's bearded cheek. Disappearing into the hairs. He's never seen Beck cry, Beck doesn't likes crying. He's told Peter before. He's a strong man, he's bold, he's intrepid and he's he is though. He doesn't like feelings. He hates feeling.

But, as he's letter said, he may just be afraid –Peter finally realized. It hit him like a strike of lightning. Burning him, shaking him.

The blue eyes were red and Peter couldn't help shed a few tears too when he saw Beck giving in and letting out more. He quickly wiped his face with the back of his hand as he spoke.

"I'm sorry it took me this long to realize – well, I've known for a while but I was trying to deny it," His voice sounded strained, "I can't anymore. It's too much. I don't wanna lose you, I feel like I'm losing you or I already did but, *fuck* – I love you, Peter."

Peter sniffed and gladly accepted the hand touching his arm.

"I don't wanna lose you. I tried to imagine my life without you but I can't. It's fucking painful. I wanna make things right," Beck nodded, sighing, "I wanna treat you right."

Peter looked up at him with teary eyes, "You mean it?"

"I do," He nodded again.

The younger man wiped at his wet cheeks with his hands and took a deep breath in. He stared at Quentin for a moment before giving him a little, timid smile and reaching out to wrap his arms around his middle. Embracing him tightly and digging his face in Quentin's chest. He was hugged back with the same strength.

Peter couldn't help crying a little more, he was quiet, just silent tears rolling off, wetting Beck's shirt. He knew he wasn't the only one, he heard the silent sniffs Beck delivered.

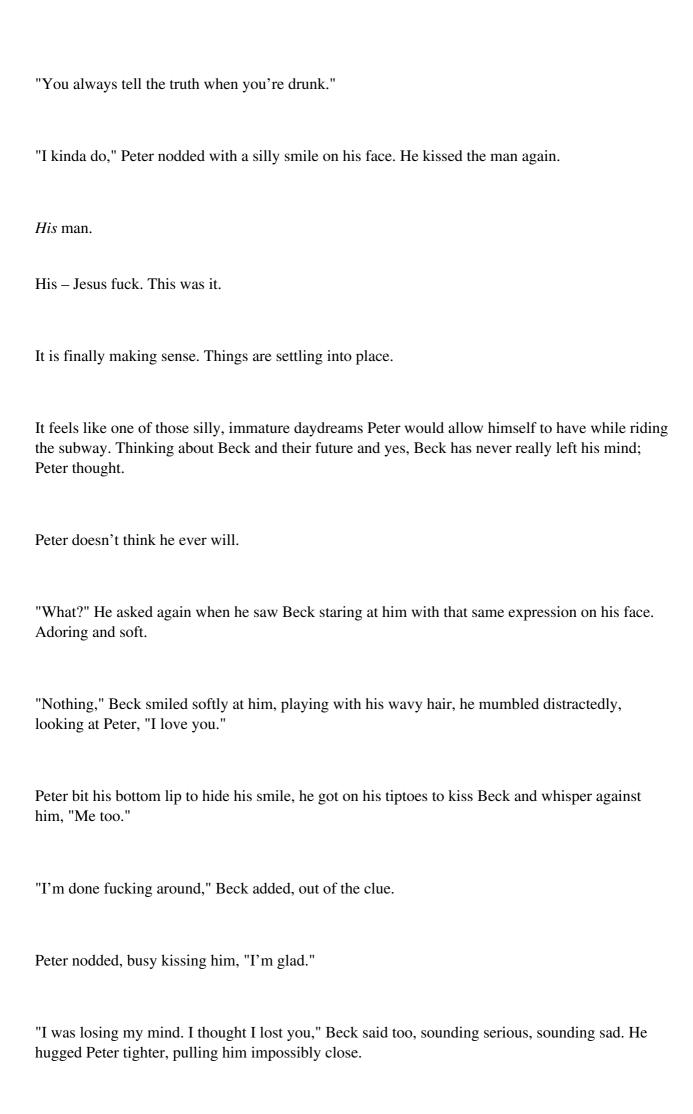
They stood like that for a moment. Just hugging each other and enjoying it. It felt freeing, liberating, right. As if everything would be okay.

Everything would be okay, Peter knows.

"Ugh, fucking asshole," Peter then mumbled, wiping his face with his own jacket sleeve, he









	neck, still hugging him, "I'm tired."
	"Me too," He nodded, hands rubbing up and down Peter's back in a comforting way, "Wanna get some sleep?"
	Peter hummed, "Can I stay?"
	"Of course," Beck said quietly, "Anyways, I wouldn't have let you go if you wanted to go."
	Peter gave Beck another long kiss on his lips and Beck returned it, soft and careful enough.
	Soon, Beck was taking Peter's hand and guiding him towards his room. Peter hugged his arms as they walked the short distance. He felt like he just couldn't keep away from Beck.
	They stripped to their underwear and Peter borrowed one of Beck's large shirts as Beck just put on some sweatpants.
	The daylight was sneaking through the curtains, Beck shut them tightly together till the room was dark enough. They crawled in bed together and got under the heavy, warm comforter. They kissed for a while, feeling sleepy, giggling into each other's mouths when one of them would lose the pace because they were falling asleep.
	Beck pulled Peter close. Peter threw an arm over his middle and placed his head in the crook of Beck's neck, breathing in the familiar scent.
	Peter fell asleep by listening to Beck's breathing and the soft, soothing scratching on his back.
	And just like that – it all inevitably felt like it would be alright.
Cl	hapter End Notes

Omg

I'm dying to know what you think, feel free to leave a comment and kudos:3

There's one final chapter left that I'm already working on it...

Thank u for reading!! Stay safe Xo

Please <u>drop by the archive and comment</u> to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!